THE BYSTANDER
VOL. LIII.—No. 687

JANUARY 31, 1917

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.

KING'S REGULATIONS—Illustrated : New Series

The BYSTANDER

6D

ASK FOR

BL Scotch Whisky

Always reliable.
Gives universal satisfaction.

Proprietors:

Bulloch, Lade & Co., Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1830

Distillers at Glasgow, Islay & Campbeltown.

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CHAMPAGNE

By Appointment to
H.M. KING GEORGE V.

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

BEDROOM FURNITURE

Special Offer.

"GOWER" Suites in Mahogany with inlaid line, hand-made

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THAT the next Arrol Johnston will be better than previous models is a matter beyond dispute. And the public will probably attend to the question of the volume of sales.

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LONDON:
155, REGENT STREET,
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This year the house of HEDGES & BUTLER has been established 250 years, and the business has be n continuously carried on by members of the same family.

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12 Highest Awards, Gold Medals and Challenge Vase

Speciality:

Service Breeches

50/-

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Telephone: 2071 Mayfair.

ASCOT Bridge House
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ALDERSHOT: 11, High St

THERE is seldom any difficulty in getting the little ones to go to bed in the home where

PRICE'S NIGHT LIGHTS

are used.

Children—even the bravest—fear the dark, especially in these times of nightly terrors and danger—but the soft reassuring glow of PRICE'S Night Lights dispels apprehension and they will go to bed without fear—and rest serenely through the night.

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For Small Light.

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For Medium Light.

CLARKE'S PYRAMIDS,
For Large Light and use with Clarke's Food Warmers.

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FOLLOW THE LEAD

of the thousands of officers who are fighting in the Trenches equipped with

The famous

"MOSCOW"

SERVICE KIT

LARGEST STOCK IN LONDON
READY FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR, OR MADE TO MEASURE IN 24 HOURS.

Field and Trench Boots, Prismatic Binoculars, Compasses, &c.

MOSS BROS. & CO. LD.

20 & 21, KING ST. & 25, 31 & 32, BEDFORD ST. { **COVENT GARDEN,** **W.C.**

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"Going on Leave."

. . . what the Army thinks

about my Military Drawing Course would fill a big volume with nice things. This is one opinion—from a cheery mud-stained Lieutenant with the Somme Army:—

"Many thanks for your Military Sketching Supplement, "safely received the other day. It will prove extremely "useful to me in my machine-gun work—and we all know "the horrors of the Military treatise on the work!"

More than 1,000 Service men are studying this Military Course. Every rank is represented up to my two Major-Generals. It is given free with either of my Postal Courses on Original Drawing — Beginners' or Advanced.

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2 ILL'D DRAWING PROSPECTUSES & CRITICISM FREE

if you copy these two Silhouettes, or, preferably, send an Original Drawing.

Otherwise just a p.c. will bring both Prospectuses. They describe Postal Courses for the raw Beginner and Advanced Student. Fees are paid by instalments and you can cease whenever you wish without any liability whatever to complete Lessons or Fees. Write to me personally:— Percy V. Bradshaw, Principal, PRESS ART SCHOOL (Dept. B. 19), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, S.E.

'Back to work."

TWO CLEVER SKETCHES BY A PUPIL IN THE R.A.M.C. [L.H.]

The "Studington"

Duplex Front

Trencher

Absolutely Untearable

COMPRISES three Coats in one—viz., a Waterproof, Great Coat, and British Warm. It is positively wind and weatherproof, the outer shell being triple-proofed, the extra inner lining is of the finest quality, and the check wool lining has also been rendered impervious to wet.

The detachable fleece undercoat provides the maximum of warmth without weight, and can be worn without the shell as a British-Warm or Sleeping Jacket.

PRICE—

Without fleece from

£4 : 14 : 6

With fleece from

£6 : 6 : 0

Obtainable only from—

STUDD & MILLINGTON LIMITED

CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS

51, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.

67-69, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

GEORGETTE BLOUSE

Designed by our own artist and entirely handmade by our own workers in rich quality pure Silk Georgette, strongly recommended to wear and wash thoroughly well. In an entirely new range of colourings including egg blue, cornflour, sand, pale grey, coral, dahlia, jade, peacock, old rose, deep rose, cream and black.

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

Or in Crêpe de Chine at the same price.

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street.

(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.

'The Rising Cost of Living.'

In Hundreds of Homes to-day the Rising Cost of Living is eating into Surplus Income and necessitating Economy in all directions; a cutting down of some little pleasure here—a little added saving there.

So long as the breadwinner is spared the household "rubs along" somehow, but in the absence of adequate Life Assurance HIS LOSS SPELLS

Downright tragedy.

Life Assurance "makes things easy for the wife" left to fight the battle of life unaided, and it is the surest, the cheapest and easiest way of doing so.

Write for particulars "T16" of Family Provision Schemes.

The STANDARD LIFE Assurance Company: Estd. 1825

Head Office: EDINBURGH—3, George St.

LONDON—83, KING WILLIAM ST., E.C., & 3, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

DUBLIN—59, DAWSON ST.

IF genius be 'an infinite capacity for taking pains,' then each 'Sorosis' boot is a work of genius. Only by very great care in every stage of manufacture can that perfection be obtained which is so characteristic of 'Sorosis.'

Because we know that this skill and care is employed we unhesitatingly claim that from every standpoint—style, comfort, durability—'Sorosis' boots are the best possible. If you already wear them you will endorse this. If not, a few weeks' trial will convince you of its truth.

Call at the nearest 'Sorosis' Store to-day and test these statements by trying on a pair.

IN THE BARGAIN BASEMENT

YOU will find a great number of Boots and Shoes for all occasions and in all styles, black, brown, etc. Suitable for Spring and Summer wear, reduced *for this week only* to 12/9 per pair. These bargains can only be obtained in the department. They cannot be sent by post as the styles and sizes are so varied.

12/9 Per Pair

The model illustrated is S351, a handsome military Lace Boot with patent vamp and counter and fawn tops, also black tops.

23/-

SOROSIS

The World's Finest

The Sorosis Shoe Store, 213, Regent Street, W.

Charles Packer & Co

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD and ENAMEL.

all £2 2 0 each.

The Highland Light Infantry.

The Army Service Corps.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

The Royal Fusiliers.

The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

The Royal West Kent Regiment.

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved.

Badge of every Regiment in stock.

Can be supplied by return.

The Royal Naval Air Service.

BADGE OF ANY REGIMENT SUPPLIED at £2 2 0 each.

The Royal Navy. (Gold or Silver Anchor.)

The Australian Forces.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Hours of Business 9 a.m. to 7 p.m. Saturday 1 p.m.

H. A. BEAL

"JUST THE RIGHT THING"

NEW TWEED SKIRTS 10/9

Ready-to-Wear Sizes.

Waist: 24 25 26 27 28

Length: 27 30 33 36 39

Made to Own Measures, 1/-

—Postage 6d. extra.—

Only sent to order on —— receipt of P.O. ——

"Just the right thing".

143

for knockabout and EVERYDAY WEAR.

PATTERNS BY RETURN.

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ZAIR'S OFFICERS' CROPS

From all Saddlers & Military Outfitters.

Write for Illustrated Price List.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115 Bishop St. Birmingham.

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ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE CORPORATION LIMITED

ACCIDENTS, FIRE, BURGLARY, MOTOR CARS EMPLOYERS' INSURANCE, FIDELITY GUARANTEES.

Claims paid £14,000,000 Assets £3,300,000

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"THE" HOUSE FOR OFFICERS' SERVICE DRESS.

ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. 12 GOLD MEDALS.

HARRY HALL SERVICE DRESS & CADET OUTFITS

For IMMEDIATE WEAR or to ORDER in 24 HOURS.

"THE" Military & Mufti Tailor & Breeches Specialist

207, OXFORD STREET, W., 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

We feel we cannot too strongly impress upon Cadets, Newly Commissioned Officers and Officers renewing their Kit the importance of obtaining their Service Dress from a firm of repute

For many years the old established House of HARRY HALL has enjoyed the reputation of being the recognised centre by Army Officers for obtaining Perfect Fitting Service Dress, of finest quality Materials, accurate in Fit and Style, at the lowest remunerative prices.

Officers' Service
JACKET from 63/-
SLACKS ,, 25/-
BREECHES ,, 35/-
WARM COAT ,, 84/-
GREATCOAT ,, 94/6
TRENCHCOAT,, 94/6
LEGGINGS ,, 25/-

CADET OUTFITS.
Jacket, Breeches, Cap, Puttees, Tie, 2 Shirts, 4 Collars
£8 : 0 : 0

UNEQUALLED VALUE, FIT, & STYLE. FOR SERVICE DRESS and MUFTI.

The Ideal 'HALLZONE' Perfected TRENCH COAT. Guaranteed Wind and Waterproof. Interlined throughout with Oil Silk. From £4/14/6 MODEL COAT Carr. Paid. Chest measure over vest and height.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-
(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)

Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' 'Ideal' 'GOLD MEDAL'

21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials as sold elsewhere for 2 & 3 Gns.)

Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form for SERVICE DRESS, BREECHES, SUITS, etc.

VISITORS TO LONDON can leave record measures for SERVICE & MUFTI DRESS, or order and fit same day.

The Best Boots for Active Service are FAULKNERS' NORWEGIANS.

For Home Service FAULKNERS' REGULATION Service Boots.

Booklet and Self-measurement apparatus free on application.

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SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS.

52, South Molton Street, London, W.

The Standard

ALL BRITISH LIGHT CAR

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd. Coventry.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

"Aquascutum"

TRENCH COAT

The Most Reliable Military Waterproof Produced.

Trench Coat with Seatless Shorts.

SELF PRAISE IS NO RECOMMENDATION.

Read what Officers say about Aquascutum.

Received January 19, 1917.

"Will you kindly send me one of your Aquascutum Trench Coats. The reason I am sending for one of these coats is that two or three of the officers in my battery have them, and I have come to the conclusion that they are more serviceable than any other coat. So will you send me one as early as possible."

"You may be interested to hear that I am in every way satisfied with this coat. I have been out all day in the very worst weather, and it has always kept me absolutely dry. Two other officers followed my example and bought similar coats, and they, too, are extremely satisfied."

The originals may be seen by anyone interested

There is only one AQUASCUTUM. Do not accept inferior imitations.

Only Height and Chest Measurement required

Aquascutum Ltd.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

John Barker & Company Ltd.

KENBAR TRENCH COAT (Regd. No. 328601)

with Collar which can be worn in three positions.

The most Reliable Coat produced, Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof. PROOF AGAINST ANY WEATHER.

Officers are daily recommending this excellent coat, which can only be obtained from Barkers. Made from trebly-proofed Kenbarcord, lined proofed check woollen, and interlined waterproof. Every detail so necessary for strenuous wear in the trenches is embodied in this coat, and it has reinforced elbows which are absolutely essential, and full skirt with cavalry gusset.

Ready to wear in the following chest measurements, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44.

84/=

With detachable fleece lining

£5 10 0

With detachable fur collar of wallaby 17/6 extra.

BARKERS

KENSINGTON

LONDON W

INEXPENSIVE CRÊPE DE CHINE RESTGOWNS

DESIGNED and made by our own workers, in rich bright crêpe de Chine, collar edged with kilted chiffon frills and trimmed with "bobbles" of crêpe de Chine In black, white and colours.

Special Price

58/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W

ALSO AT LEEDS SCARBOROUGH HARROGATE AND YORK

CRÊPE DE CHINE NIGHTGOWNS AT SPECIAL PRICES

Designed by our own artist, and entirely hand-made in our own workrooms, from rich quality Crêpe de Chine that can be recommended to wash and wear excellently, trimmed with bands of crêpe, hand veined and edged with fold of plain net. In pink, sky and white.

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

Knickers to match, **21/9**

Chemise to match, **21/9**

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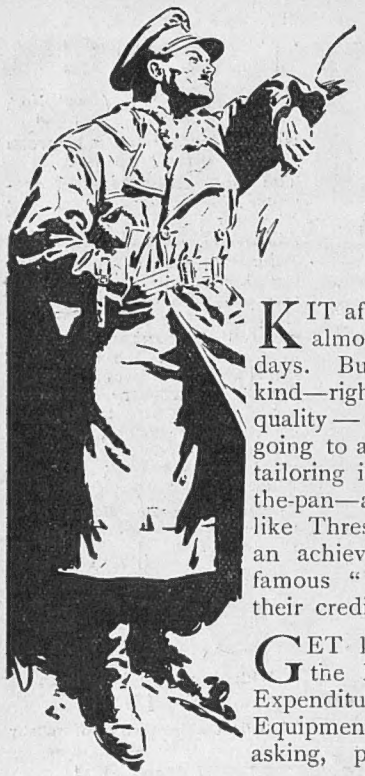
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London. W.

Famous for over a Century for Taste, for Quality, for Value.



HOW ABOUT YOUR KIT?

KIT after a kind can be got almost anywhere nowadays. But for kit of the right kind—right in detail and in quality—there's nothing like going to a firm whose military tailoring is not a mere flash-in-the-pan—a firm, for instance, like Thresher & Glenny with an achievement such as the famous "Thresher" Coat to their credit.

GET kit-wise by reading the little "Guide (8) to Expenditure on Kit and Equipment"—yours for the asking, post or personally.

THRESHER & GLENNY

Est. 1755. Military Tailors since the Crimean War. Est. 1755.

152 & 153 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

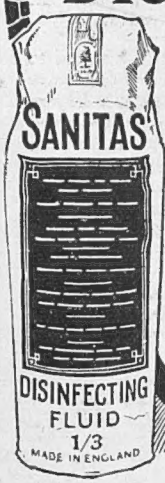
By Appointment to H.M. the King.

"SANITAS"

FLUID AND POWDER

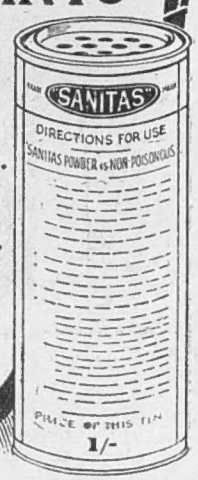
FRAGRANT—NON-POISONOUS

DISINFECTANTS



The Safest and Surest.
Pleasant to Use.
Devoid of all Objections.

Also Soaps & Fumigators



Officers' Khaki Service Shirts & Pyjamas

Vivella.

Shirts	11/-
Collars	1/6
Shirts (collar att.)	11/6
Pyjamas	19/6

(Dark shade only)

Vivella.
(Heavy Weight)

Shirts	12/-
Collars	1/6
Shirts (collar att.)	12/6
Pyjamas	21/-

(Dark shade only)

Flannel.

F 147 Shirts	11/6
Collars	1/6
Shirts (collar att.)	12/6
Pyjamas	21/-

All Wool.

F 153 Shirts	15/6
Collars	1/9
Shirts (collar att.)	16/6
Pyjamas	25/-

(Dark shade only)

Best All Wool.

F 185 Shirts	18/6
Collars	1/9
Shirts (collar att.)	19/6
Pyjamas	30/-

(Light shade only)

Any of the above may be had ready to wear, or made to Special Measure in four clear days.
Patterns free on request.
Remittance, including postage, should accompany *all orders.*
Postal Rates for B. E. F.
Not exceeding 3lbs., 1/-. Not exceeding 7lbs., 1/4.

All Wool.
(Ex Heavy)

F 160 Shirts	17/6
Collars	1/9
Shirts (collar att.)	18/9
Pyjamas	30/-

Silk and Wool.

Shirts	16/6
Collars	1/9
Shirts (collar att.)	17/6

Silk.

S 15 Shirts	18/6
Collars	2/-
Shirts (collar att.)	19/6
Pyjamas	25/-

(Light and dark shade)

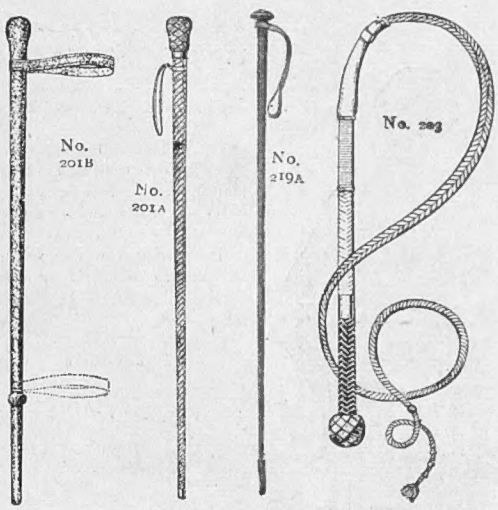
W. COLES

147, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1878. **Shirt & Pyjama Specialist.** *'Phone: 1626 Western.*

PRACTICAL KIT

Officers' Loaded Sticks and Whips.



	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap	2	10	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	2	2	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	8	6
No. 201C.—Ditto, short length, for riding	1	2	6
No. 219A.—Best all whalebone plaited kangaroo hide Cutting Whip and Wrist Strap	1	10	0
Ditto, second quality	1	1	0
No. 203.—Officer's Newmarket Whip, whalebone centre, plaited raw hide, with kangaroo hide handpart, loaded end, silver collar, and thong	1	18	0
Ditto, plaited all over kangaroo hide, loaded end, with thong	1	15	0

Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for NEW Illustrated List of War Equipment.

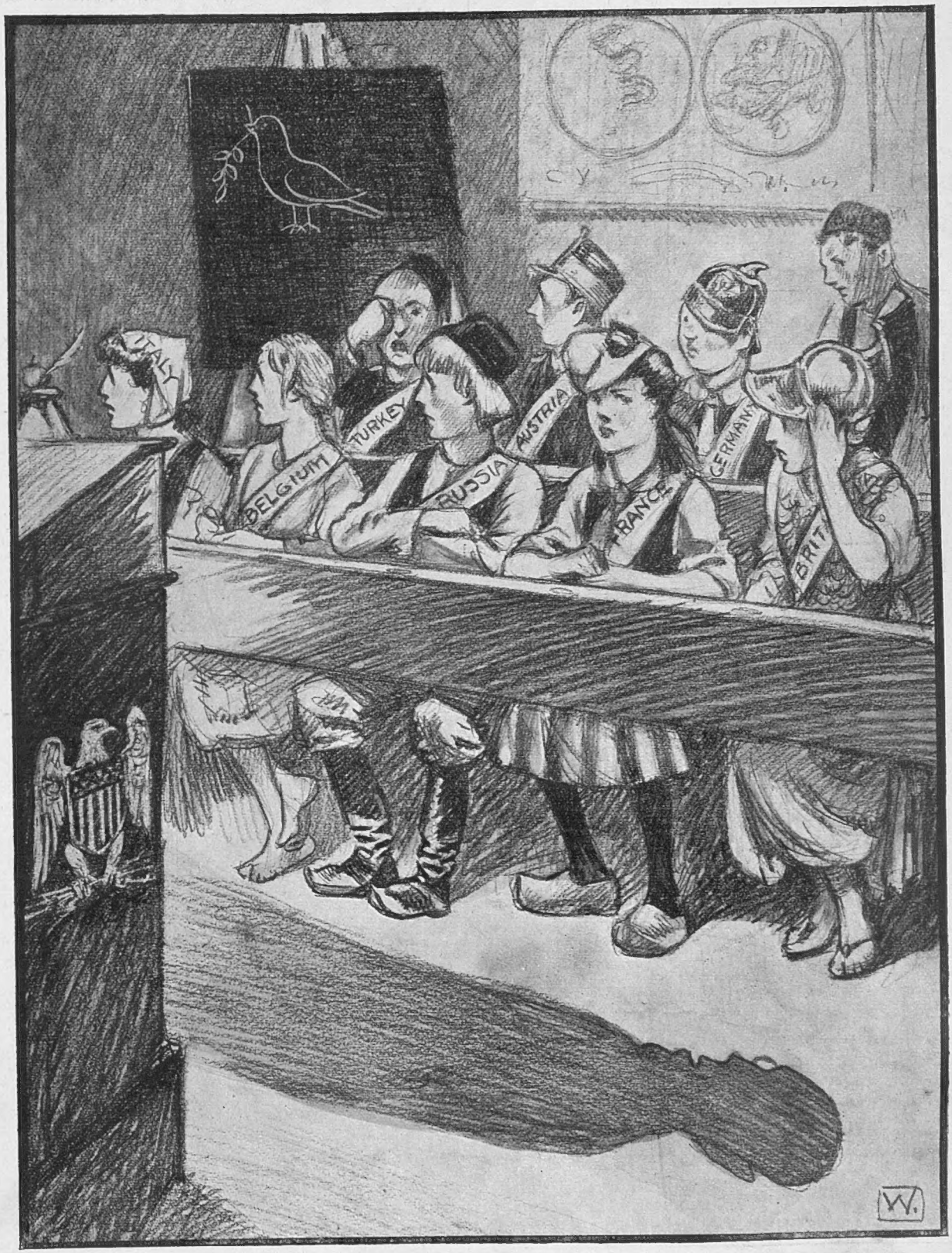
SWAINE & ADENEY

By Appointment to H.M. The King

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

The Bystander, January 31, 1917.—No. 687. Vol. LIII

The BYSTANDER



"'SH! 'SH! 'SH! . . . HERE'S TEACHER!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. LEICESTER SQUARE.
Twice Daily 2.30 and 8.30. Albert de Courville's Production
"RAZZLE-DAZZLE!"
Harry Tate, Etc. Box Office 10 to 10. Telephone Gerrard 3527.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
MARY ANDERSON in the "Balcony Scene" from "Romeo & Juliet" Basil Gill as Romeo; Mark Hambourg, Margaret Moffat, Murray Davey, Dooley & Sales, Cooper Mitchell, Tucker, etc. Gerrard 7541.

PALLADIUM. ARGYLL STREET, W.
Managing Director, MR. CHARLES GULLIVER.
Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.10 9.0
Programme for week commencing Monday, January 29.
SIR FRANK BENSON, LORNA & TOOTS POUNDS, EVIE GREENE, ERNIE LOTINGA & CO., MAIDIE SCOTT, MAY SHERRARD, FIVE DORINOS, TAKIO

LONDON OPERA HOUSE. Kingsway.
2.0. and 7.45, Grand Pantomime, "CINDERELLA"
Ella Retford, Tom Foy, Hal Bert, Bros. Egbert, Louie Tinsley, Edith Drayson, Florence Harrington. Telephone Holborn 6840.

ADELPHI, STRAND (Ger. 2645). "HIGH JINKS."
The New Musical Comedy.
Every Evening, at 8. Mats. every Wed. and Sat. at 2.
MARIE BLANCHE — W. H. BERRY — NELLIE TAYLOR.

DALY'S. Every Evening at 8. "YOUNG ENGLAND."
THE GEORGE EDWARDES & ROBERT COURTNEIDGE production. MATINEES, To-day (Wednesday) and Saturday, at 2.
'Phone Gerrard 201.

ST. JAMES'S. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER
Every Evening at 8 punctually.
"THE ARISTOCRAT," a New Play by LOUIS N. PARKER.
GEORGE ALEXANDER. GENEVIEVE WARD.
Matinées Wednesdays & Saturdays, at 2.30.

CONCRETE ROOF. **LONDON** CONCRETE FLOORS.
BONNINGTON HOTEL
SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.
Room, Attendance, Bath, and Breakfast ... 5/6 & 6/-
260 ROOMS. STEEL FRAME BUILDING. FIREPROOF.

P & O and British India
Mail and Passenger Services.
Frequent and Regular Sailings from LONDON, MARSEILLES, etc.
Tickets Interchangeable.
MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, BURMA, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, MAURITIUS, EAST and SOUTH AFRICA.
Australian Tickets of P & O and Orient Lines are also interchangeable
For particulars of PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL SAILINGS apply at the P & O Offices, 122, Leadenhall St., E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.
For particulars of BRITISH INDIA SAILINGS apply GRAY, DAWES & Co., 23, Great Winchester Street, E.C.; P & O West End Office, 17, Northumberland Avenue, W.C.; or GELLATLEY, HANKEY & Co., Dock House, Billiter Street, E.C.

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS & GIRLS.
TUTORS for ARMY and ALL EXAMS.
MESSRS. J. and J. PATON, having an intimate, UNIQUE, and up-to-date knowledge of the best SCHOOLS and TUTORS in this country, will be pleased to AID PARENTS in their choice by sending (free of charge) prospectuses and TRUSTWORTHY INFORMATION regarding ESTABLISHMENTS which can be THOROUGHLY RECOMMENDED.
The age of the pupil, district preferred, and rough idea of fees should be given.
'Phone, write, or call.
J. and J. PATON, Educational Agents,
143, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Telephone: 5053 Central.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free)
(*Incorporated under Royal Charter.*)
FOUNDED 1851.
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.
The only special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER, Tumours and Allied Diseases. No "LETTERS" required.
Contributions needed for general purposes, for the Research Institute, and for the Radium and Electrical Department.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand. *Sec.*—FRED. W. HOWELL.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER," are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, 1*d.* per copy. Canada, under 1½lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Important Notice to all "Bystander" Readers.

FOUNDED 1871

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bonâ-fide* holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; or **£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz. (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 30th day of January, 1917, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 7th day of February, 1917.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Winter Woe

Now is the winter of our discontent. When there is nothing (much) doing at the front the attention of papers and politicians fixes itself on the civilian population at home, with resultant less beer and more combs and other similarly distressing horrors of war. To which are added weather that would cut the skin clean off an esquimaux; and pitch black nights for walking home on one long, excessively slippery, and infernally hard slide.

Slump and Hump

These are less than trifles compared with, etc., etc. But the thought of his brother's broken leg never yet stopped a man from cursing his own toothache, and it is precisely when weather compels a lull in great deeds at the front that we feel most injured by, and least ashamed of grumbling at, our own little home-grown miseries. Slump and hump, so to speak.

The Navy Way

To naval operations, on the other hand, weather seems to make no difference. For once the luck has been with the German Navy, and last week a portion of that fleet which is for ever looking for the British found it—good and hard. If luck of this kind would only persist under the German ensign the British Navy would collect a bit more in prize-money ha'pence and suffer a bit less from wind and weather kicks.

THE NEW DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ATHOLL

The Duke, who has just succeeded to the title, is the Brigadier-General Commanding the Scottish Horse Brigade; and Grand Master Mason of Scotland. The Duchess of Atholl is the daughter of Sir James Ramsay, of Banff

"If You See It In—"

No advance copy of last week's BYSTANDER was sent to any member of the Cabinet. Our warning to the Government to go slow with its hotel-commandeering habit was published in the ordinary way on Tuesday last. The War Cabinet probably read it that afternoon—certainly not earlier. On the following day an Inter-Departmental Committee was appointed to control the matter, and the *Times* threw in a heavy supporting column on the day after. If you see it in THE BYSTANDER it *will be* so; though, of course, we cannot always guarantee to do it so quickly.

State Service for All

So long as the new Committee does not make the mistake of itself taking a couple of hotels to conduct its operations, there is a reasonable prospect of seeing this mansion-taking craze diminished. It is high time. If the war goes on long enough we shall be (at the present rate) in a fair way towards that all-containing, all-embracing, bureaucracy which has made Prussia what she is. When about two-thirds of the nation are in State service their natural aim is to rescue every possible friend and relative from the miseries of life in the other third. Which means, or would mean if not stopped, more hotels and more salaries.

How to Spend Six Millions

Hotels have always been to one type of mind the very acme of flaunting extravagance. Indeed, at one time the Government had the same idea and cut down the *menus* accordingly. Yet the funny thing is that when the State steps in the hotels become more the glaring example of war extravagance than ever. You can't buy out and take over an hotel or a club for ninepence, you know; nor pack its every room with staff and pay their salaries every Friday with a one pound note, you know; nor keep a stud of handsome empty cars eating petrol outside for the price of a bob's worth of taxi, you know. What you *can* do by these endeavours is to keep the "cost of the war" well up to the six millions a day mark. But nobody *wants* that, do they?

Tea and Starch

Will the Inter-Departmental Committee include within its terms of reference inquiry into the little ways and habits within the hotels? Probably not, but there is room for it. The story about the highly important conference at one of the new headquarters to which entered a typist who, approaching a Minister, asked him: "Oh, Mr. X—— Y——, what did you do with the little brown teapot?" is a funny story, but it's not business. Homely ways are all very well in their proper place, but they are as much out of place in high matters of State as they would be in the Army. Many a civilian scoffer at Army discipline has learnt its supreme value when he put on uniform; and the most democratically homely of the new Government will find a distinct value in preserving a little of the old starchy tradition.

(Continued on page 180)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Imperial Tea and Games

There seems, judging by reports, to have been more blood and iron than tea and games at the Kaiser's birthday party at German General Headquarters; but the guests had lots to chatter about, and even prospects to make their teeth chatter when conversation flagged. We are not told whether any of the guests wished His Imperial Majesty "Many happy returns of the day," nor whether, if any did, he snapped back "*Which* day?" Irritability would have been excusable. Fulfilment of "Am Tag" is still to happen, and its bearing on the Imperial birthday is, from the Kaiser's point of view, doubtful. As the omens point, in regard to the return of the birthday, it looks tolerably certain for Wilhelm that he won't be happy—if he gets it. Which he may not.

The Kaiser's Star

If the stars are consulted on the matter—not an uncommon practice in connection with natal festivities—they are able to return at least one piquant answer. In an astronomical work I came across this, which seems to me the Kaiser from start to finish: "A star, not sufficiently luminous to be seen by us, but at the same time in a state of incandescence, may, while revolving in an orbit, plunge into a region where oxygen is plentiful. Its luminosity is immediately increased, and it becomes visible. In time it reaches the limit of the abundant oxygen; its luminosity is then diminished and it returns to its former state and again becomes invisible." There are signs that "the limit of abundant oxygen" has been reached.

British Official Photograph

THE SERBIAN GENERAL VASSITCH

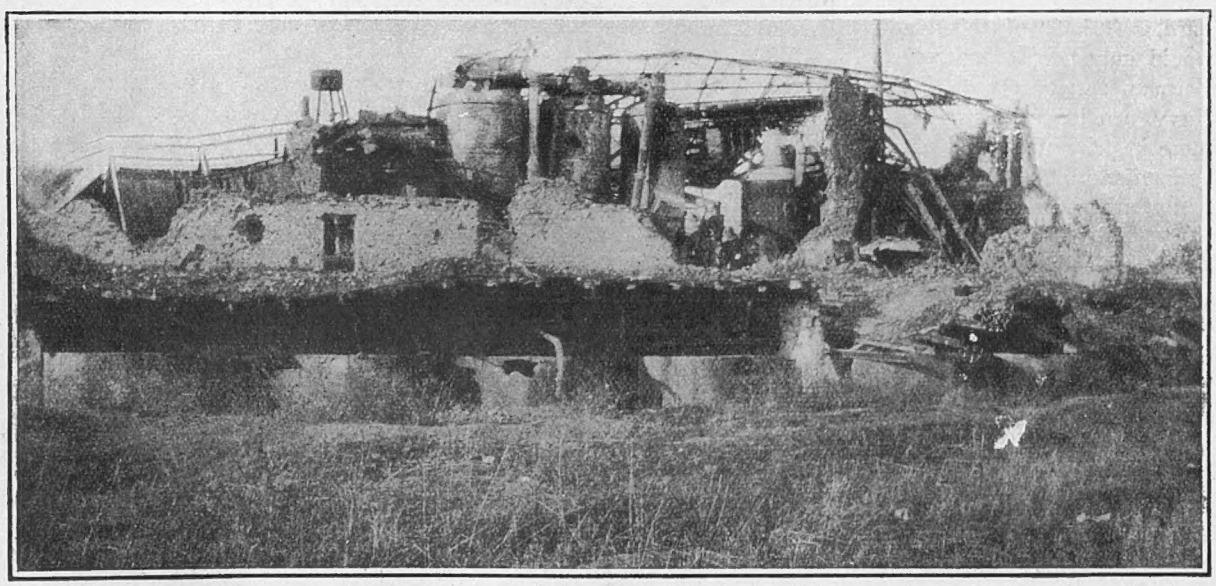
Thanking our men for all they had done to feed and assist his countrymen

Work for All

After standard bread, standard wages. The pay in the new National Service call will be the standard wages of the job, thereby continuing the grand old principle that the further you get from the trenches the higher the pay you draw. On the other hand, there are attractions of military life which civil employment does not provide—including, at present, the attraction of compulsion. Whether Mr. Nevill Chamberlain's scheme will pull through without this persuader remains to be seen. It will be a wonder if it does—a disgrace if it doesn't. We have heard so much of "Ah, if only I had had the chance when I was ten years younger!" that it will be a rather sad state of affairs if they let the chance go cold now they've got it.

Seven—the Lucky Number

This is the last number of THE BYSTANDER that you'll be able to buy for sixpence till the end of the war. Butter's up, eggs are up, meat's up, everything's up—but a long way from being "all up." Amongst other things paper's up, cost of printing's up—cost of transport's up. THE BYSTANDER, too, has been going up in popularity for a long time, and in circulation, and now it's going up in price. Next week, like our contemporaries, we are raising the price of THE BYSTANDER to sevenpence. Don't grouse about this; wait till you see the first sevenpenny issue. A real good shillingsworth of pictures, articles, jokes, and stories for sevenpence. Almost as good as "ninepence for fourpence"—*you* remember, don't you? Well, very few got *that*—you can *all* get this. Don't forget—February 7, put sevenpence in your pocket for THE BYSTANDER. But for the Defence of the Realm Act I'd have said "It's better than War Loan."



THE SWEETS OF VICTORY "CONTRIVE A DOUBLE DEBT TO PAY"!

Look at this splendid picture of the V69 alongside the grass-grown dock at Ymuiden, shot to pieces, her decks a mass of ice and wreckage, her upper works twisted and torn almost beyond recognition. Quite beyond recognition, in fact, for the picture really shows the ruins of a sugar refinery in a part of France recaptured in the Somme battles!

Odd Advice to Crusaders

PRESIDENT WILSON: "See here now. I've gotten this matter quite clear in my mind now. The great thing to avoid in warfare is anything of an unpleasantly decisive nature—eschew victory, as it were! It leaves behind a regrettable, rankling desire for retribution, even in the breast of the Paynim and the Muslim."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: "Well, Mr. President, that's not exactly our idea of a 'Crusade'!! We propose both to ***Paynim*** and ***Muslim*** before we're through with the job!!"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *January* 29, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

I WONDER why there's such an awful lot of rot talked, even now, by people who haven't tried it, about how our fighting men feel and think. War's not a bit "cheery" really—very much the other thing. Some of the very, very young, you know the kind—

Straight from the nest,
The King of the Crèche,

as George Graves would say, the flapper-worshippers, may look on the thing as pretty good sport, a "man's game," and all that, just for a little, anyway. But even with these it's a very passing phase—the idea of the "cheeriness" of war.

❋ ❋

BUT in London—now, we seem to be cheery enough. Even in a peace-time "season" there is hardly more going on in the theatres. Last week Sir Joseph Beecham produced *Louise*, an intricate and elaborate opera that even before the war was considered something rather special. And there was also a new St. James's production—a gorgeous Louis Parker Louis Seize-French Revolution-Empire affair, with Percy Macquoid dresses and Sir George Alexander as "The Aristocrat."

❋ ❋

AND in the offing there's at least one new revue, artistically christened "Zig Zag," which isn't frightfully enlightening, but George Robey's to be in it, so it's a certainty; and another musical comedy, *Maid of the Mountains* by name, at Daly's, as well as one of those war-time farces which make us the wonder of the world—*Monty's Flapper*, from the saucy pen of the author of *A Little Bit of Fluff* (still fluffing). At the Alhambra "The Bing Girls" threaten, and it's been the talk of the town the price and the gorgeousness of the peerless rope of perfectly matched pearls which is the last war-time purchase of the Bing Girl.

❋ ❋

THE ladies of the theatrical world obviously don't, to quote once again the priceless George in "Houp-La," "back silk-worms." By the way, as a tonic for war-time depression, I took a dose of what they give you at the nice little new St. Martin's Theatre the other night, and it worked like magic. Khaki was there, too, rows and rows and rows of it; and such is the genius of the only Graves we didn't smile, we just frankly roared when—well, even when perhaps it might have been more maidenly if we hadn't seen the joke. But he *is* so funny.

"What a nice thing in fatigues!"

❋ ❋

THERE are priceless songs and delicious dances and screams of frocks in "Houp-La"—I gave up counting Gertie Millar's dreams, but it's worth the journey from those horrid trenches only to see Gertie in grey on George's knee singing "Pretty Baby" and George telling Gertie tales you "wouldn't tell to mother." Apropos, I'm afraid it's very insular, but I'm not a Free Trader, and I confess I found a native "leading lady" quite a relief after the *processions* of alien ones elsewhere. England for the English is much the best idea, and I don't care how attractive the Bowery accent is or how far the ladies from Montmartre can with perfect safety undress. I'm "feddy up" with foreigners.

"Straight from the nest,
The King of the Crèche"

❋ ❋

BY the way, National Service seemed to be hanging fire, but now they've lightened Mr. Chamberlain's responsibilities lots, so now we'll hope we shan't be long. Great pity, though, isn't it, that they've had to let things cool down such a lot before they started? Apt to leave the enthusiastic with a chill, that sort of thing—you know, Irish people always say that if they'd had conscription there *in the first week of war*, when *everybody* was spoiling for a fight, things would have been different, though I don't

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

say they wouldn't still have been troublesome.

❋

HOWEVER, a few shocks won't hurt us, and if they ever do change the old-established order I think people will welcome it on the whole. There's been not a murmur, anyway, against the new ideas for growing our own foodstuffs, which look like changing the face of things very drastically. Parks are being ploughed up for wheat and potatoes; the call of the land is the call of calls. Even bishops grow beet and carrots in their gardens, and one, his Lordship of Norwich, actually lets horrid, hissing geese strut at large upon the emerald velvet of the palace lawns.

❋

EVEN game's threatened. *Game!* Think of it. For it's almost the greatest, surprisingest transformation of all, here in our traditional old country, this England of ours, which, as one of the new war poets sings:

> . . . is very small and very green,
> And full of lanes all dense with flowers
> That wind along and lose themselves between
> Massed farms and parks and fields of quiet sheep,
> And in the hamlets where her stalwarts sleep
> Low bells chime out from old elm-hidden towers.

Makes one realise there's a war on more than anything when the most sacrosanct possession of the few, that the mere common herd used to be hanged, drawn, and quartered if it even looked at, is treated as if it were just food, or even vermin!

"The peerless rope of perfectly matched pearls"

REALLY does, though, fairly put the lid on tradition and that sort of thing when they actually talk of letting farmers shoot down pheasants just because forsooth they eat the crops that are the people's foodstuffs; and of rounding up the Royal red deer when they go for the turnips and the potatoes and the haystacks. But thus runs the deer-shooting fatigue order—"the Scottish Command has asked the battalions for the names of gamekeepers, gillies, and expert stalkers and game shots now in khaki, who will be sent to the forests, and as soon as the deer are driven down from the mountains by snow, drives will be arranged. Farmers will also be permitted to shoot trespassing deer." A *quite* new sort of "indispensable," and *what* a nice thing in fatigues!

A "Society" Air-craft Exhibition

❋

ALL so dreadfully Socialistic and that sort of thing, isn't it, and such a nasty knock at the good old belief in the feudal system and the great, wide gulf that yawns between the master and the hind—in fact, at all the ancient class traditions that they built the Old Country up on. But those, I suppose, got the nastiest knock of all when we started all fighting side by side in the trenches, officers and men. And making our new armies so unholily democratic that

(*Continued on page 186*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

generals' sons were found in the ranks and the small tradesman's heir at the officers' mess.

❊ ❊

A DEMOCRATIC affair this last great war loan idea, too. Or, at least, it *ought* to have been—I mean, if we'd all done what we were told to do about it, and every single man and woman of us not only put in every penny we've got, but mortgaged all we hope to have in the next, say, two or three years. But we didn't, many of us, needless to say, go *quite* so far as that.

❊ ❊

FOR one thing—well, it's such a *very* different matter making investments when you're rich and doing likewise when you're poor, isn't it? Of course, I know that—according to the papers, anyway—the poor man's slaved-for hundreds are just as valuable for helping to win the war as the rich man's thousands, provided there's enough of 'em; but there's the rub. If you're poor it's ten times more of a strain to be patriotic and pay up your hard-earned savings and look pleasant—you've not made your money *with* money, but by the sweat of your brow or the over-tiring of your brain, you see. It would equalise things, I think, if they gave the poor man a higher rate of interest than they give the rich.

❊ ❊

PERFECTLY marvellous financiers we all are now, by the way, even women. Even the simplest and stupidest—you know the kind, can't even add up the milk-book and leave these complicated matters to a higher masculine intelligence—even these, when there's talk of War Loan and 5 per cent. (a tickler, that!) and conversion, try to *look* intelligent, anyway, however they may be feeling. You see, for one thing, now that all the men have gone battle-fighting, she's so dreadfully an also-ran and a wash-out—the dear, incapable, *clinging* thing, once man's *beau ideal* of womanhood; and *the* show of the week, a "Society" Aircraft Exhibition, has been got up and run by a woman.

❊ ❊

BUT we've come a long way, haven't we, since the days of England's last big European war. Jane Austen wrote of those times in *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice* and the rest, and in them, immersed in their narrow little worlds of hearth and home, her ladies hardly knew there was a war, and certainly took no interest in it or cudgelled their microscopic brains about the horrid hard facts of war finance.

❊ ❊

OF course, in those days, poor dears, they hadn't got nice, fatherly, take-you-by-the-hand-and-lead-you sort of Governments like we have. Really, the way we've had the A.B.C. of war loan explained to us every day and all day these last weeks must have made the intricacies of investment comprehensible even to that type of female intellect that's had to be prevented by Lord Devonport from paying more than four shillings a pound for the chocolates it *must* chew, or die.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION"

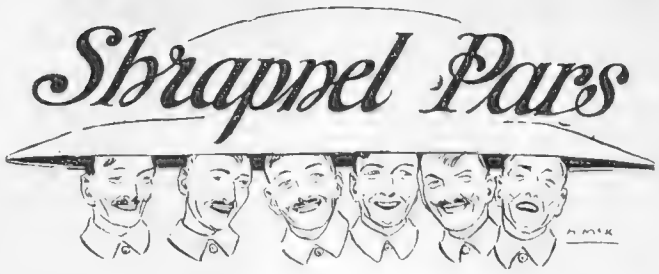
If the "no window dressing" order comes in, mirrors will have to be used to popularise Oxford Street

The Crown Princess of Sweden

Before her marriage, nearly twelve years ago, the Crown Princess of Sweden was Princess Margaret of Connaught, the elder of the two charming and popular daughters of the Duke of Connaught. In this picture she holds in her arms the baby Prince Bertil, while inset (on the left) is her only daughter, Princess Ingrid, and (on the right) Prince Gustavus Adolphus, her eldest son

Photographs Swaine

Shrapnel Pars



MR. FREUND, the explosive correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, declares that "the whole German people are trembling with anger." We would like to take his word for it; but is he quite sure he is right about what they are trembling with?

❋

ANOTHER Boche Bombastes has been calling on his kultur-ed countrymen to kick the English with their hobnailed boots. After this they can hardly complain that we have been in too much hurry about interning their Schumacher.

❋

A RECENT scene in the Hungarian Parliament is said to have been so violent that many members left the Chamber voiceless. See what a lot we lose by our milder debating methods!

❋

HERR HOFFMANN, the Socialist deputy, was furiously howled down in the Reichstag the other day for a candid review of his country's war policy. On this occasion there was no harmonious accompaniment to the *Contes d'Hoffmann*.

WHO shall ever dare to say again that Hun officials have no sense of humour? Haven't some of them just solemnly forbidden the half-starved people of the Fatherland to convey oysters and other luxuries into Austria?

❋

"GREAT Generals should be made of beaten steel," says Lord Rosebery. Perhaps he is right; but personally we should prefer British Generals not to be made of beaten anything.

❋

OUR "forthright" Chancellor of the Exchequer has made no bones about his resolve to get enough war loan either by persuasion or force. "If ye wilna lend your siller of your ain free will," he says in effect, "it will just be taken frae ye by law!"

A MAN has just died because he was unable to solve the problem of perpetual motion. He should have joined a Northcliffe Government and he would have seen the solution at a glance. Pass along there, please!

❋

SOMEONE has discovered that the Kaiser's crimes number 666, the number of the Beast. Personally we don't care what the beast's number is so long as it is up.

❋

LORD KITCHENER, we are told, hated liars with an almost physical loathing. Yet, so great was his self-control, many of them never knew.

❋

A CONTEMPORARY urges a crusade on behalf of economy. A blockade, or even a lemonade, we could understand. But a crusade and economy! Tut, tut!

❋

IN Siberia the best meat is 1½*d.* a pound. Happy thought: We will invent a new explosive, and very likely the War Office will send us there.

RAKING THEM OUT

(*NEW SERIES*)

K. R. and A. I. (Illustrated)

(*These letters, mystical to the uninitiated, stand for "King's Regulations" and "Admiralty Instructions"*)

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 1.—CONDUCT TO BE AVOIDED

"Every person in the Fleet is to discountenance and endeavour to repress all cursing, swearing . . . in the Fleet"

ARTHUR WATTS

Raising a Peace Atmosphere!

BY THE BYSTANDER IN STOCKHOLM

RAISING a peace atmosphere is now the sacramental function and only duty of every German, Austrian, Turk, and Bulgarian in every neutral land. Here is a story which better than any exposition illustrates what raising a peace atmosphere is.

❋

IN this innocent city, Stockholm, Austria's Minister-Resident, Excellency Count Hadik von Futak, who is a fierce-whiskered Hungarian, lives in the same house as France's excellent representative, M. Thiébaut. It is a house in the Brahe Street, a respectable, though dull-faced, thoroughfare, which also, incidentally, holds the palace of the Foreign Minister, M. Wallenberg. Count Hadik von Futak has lately become a violent peace enthusiast. Compared with him Quakers are Jingoes. If really blessed are the peacemakers, then no man was ever so blessed since the first man was cussed at. On December 16 super-hyper-ultra-Pacifist Count Hadik resolved to stimulate the peace atmosphere; and in honour of the Teuton-Tartar Peace Note he displayed from his study window Austria's flag. This was his eirenicon. Excellency Thiébaut, whose flat is underneath, was out.

❋

HIS Secretary of Legation was amazed to see the Austrian flag. He could not credit that even an Austrian diplomat would celebrate the preposterous Peace Note, so he asked the hall-porter what was up. Swedes never admit that they do not know a thing, so the hall-porter answered lyingly: "It's our Crown Prince's birthday." "Heavens, we forgot!" said the Secretary of Legation, and he gave orders to display immediately the tricolour. M. Thiébaut came back and saw the tricolour waving proudly under Austria's black and yellow, and as he knew it was not the Crown Prince's birthday he ordered it to be taken in. When he reached his study he found a scented note from Count Hadik von Futak, saying that he had never been so touched by anything in his life as by the sympathetic display of the French flag—*ce drapeau noble et glorieux quoi que malheureusement ennemi*—that it was, perhaps, premature to suggest a meeting, but that he could conceive no more graceful and chivalrous way of accepting *la Note de notre illustre Empereur.*

❋

THAT is what you call raising a peace atmosphere. Everyone knows that the objective conditions for peace are not there; but if you are German, Austrian, Turk, or Bulgarian you think peace, talk peace, smile peace, whistle peace, surround yourself with a pacifist odour, and calculate that by this means you have so hypnotised everyone for the peace cause that everyone is ready to sign a peace surrendering even his shirt. To all three Scandinavian capitals on the eve of Germany's Peace Note, and again on the morrow of President Wilson's, rushed scores of German peace agents with the command: "Make a peace atmosphere. Talk, look, smile, radiate, smell peace!" The rest would be easy; once you have a peace mood, what do conditions matter? "Peace," writes Herr Dernburg—Secretary of Germany's late Colonies—"will then be imposed by psychological pressure."

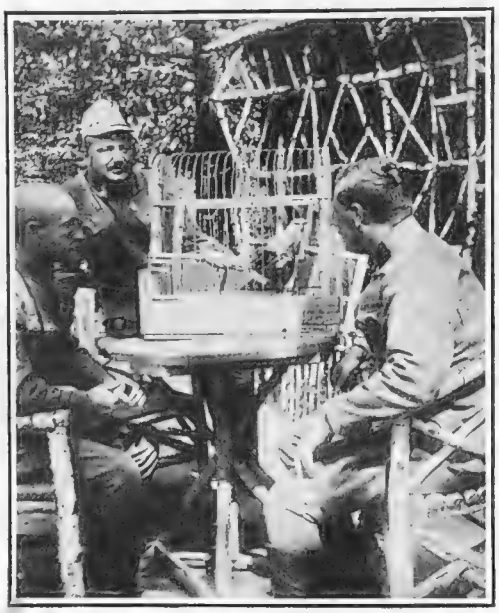
❋

TO-DAY Scandinavia's three capitals swarm with unimpeachably qualified Teuton-Tartar peace agents, all raising peace atmospheres. Hotels, restaurants, cafés, newspaper offices teem with them, and—jeer as the short-sighted *Entente* may—they are having, by mere dint of Pacifist persistence, Pacifist suggestiveness, Pacifist hypnotism, obsession, and boredom, a measure of real success. They have even sent war-stocks (chiefly shipping) flying down and peace-stocks flying up. They know that in a day or two—perhaps before this appears—the answer to Germany's and also America's Notes may make negotiations impossible. Nevertheless they keep pegging away, deeply convinced that Notes and counter-Notes mean little, but that if you only hypnotise mankind into talking about peace—even if it talks *against* peace—peace will surely come.

❋

EVERY night at ten I go into the café under the Opera House and watch the peace boom. All Swedes are talking peace; and why? The principal reason is that the café crowd is peace-hypnotised. In the west corner sits, amid an admiring group, the main hypnotiser, Germany's latest peace agent, Herr Röchling, a thick Swabian, who bangs the table apostolically, and repeats as the punch-glasses ring: '*Der Friede kommt!* Peace is coming!" Everything is against peace; fanatic Britons are against it; wild Frenchmen; furious Muscovites. But *Der Friede kommt!*

❋



WAITING FOR THE NOTES—OF THE PEACE BIRD

THE *Entente's* diplomats are bored and baffled by this peace atmosphere. Briton's representative, Sir Esmé Howard, lately migrated to a brand new villa right at the edge of the city, and he is absolved from the joy of cutting the Teuton-Tartar diplomats, whom he used to meet daily in the Strandvägen. But other *Entente* diplomats are sad. Everywhere, as a prelibation of PEACE, they are smiled to, bowed to, almost winked at by Germany's, Austria's, Turkey's, and Bulgaria's bold, bad, and designing envoys, who have been instructed respectively from Berlin, Vienna, Stambul, and Sofia that if they only smile, bow, and almost wink adequately, PEACE will come.

IF——

SWISS OUTPOSTS IN THE HIGH ALPS

(By the exercise of almost superhuman control we refrain from the obvious quotation, "If you know of——" etc., etc.)

SWITZERLAND PREPARED

Determined at all costs to guard her rights as a neutral country, Switzerland has been mobilising additional divisions for the defence of her frontier against any possible attempt to "pass through." But, gallant as her soldiers are, it is evident that her chief strength lies in the nature of the *terrain* over which an invader would be forced to fight

"Somewhere in Flanders"

"LES JOYEUX"

By JACK JOHNSON

My Dear Bystander—

One of the minor satisfactions of the war to the French has been the success of the "Joyful Ones" as a factor in the military situation.

"Les Joyeux," of course, as I dare say you know, are the bad boys of France, and number in their ranks enthusiasts of nearly every category of human transgression.

⁂ ⁂

In August, 1914, "Les Joyeux" were atoning for their sins in Africa's sunny clime, and to most, if not all, the war came as a heaven-sent opportunity of proving to the world that the patriotism of a poor devil of a *condamné* is worth every whit that of any other citizen of France. "Merry and bright" is their motto, and merry and bright you will always find them; indeed, it is that steadfast refusal to be downhearted under the most trying circumstances which has earned for them their happy appellation.

⁂ ⁂

Very naturally, and in common with all soldiery, the "Joyful Ones" are devotees of *pinard*, a fact which no man will hasten to admit with more improper fluency than M. Vanderpot, wine dealer and haberdasher, of a shell-raked village near the line. He has been telling me all about his secret sorrow, and the conclusion he has reached after mature reflection is, roughly translated, to the effect that they, the "Joyful Ones," are "——perishin' marvels and no —— error!" There is no malice in this judgment, only the profanity of profound respect.

It seems that recently to him, seated at the receipt of custom, there came a soldier bearing in his hand an enormous can, which, regardless of cost, he requested might be filled to the brim with *pinard*. M. Vanderpot readily filled the can. The soldier tasted the wine, and his face at once took on a terrible expression. "What do you call that slop?" he asked indignantly. "I'm not going to buy that! You can pour it back, *mon poteau!*"

Delivering himself of a few stinging remarks about some people's taste, etc., M. Vanderpot poured it all back. The soldier went off whistling.

⁂ ⁂

Five minutes later another soldier armed with a can went through the same procedure, took a sip from the can, and, after first expressing the opinion that the purveyor must have been mixing chemicals with the stuff, poured the whole lot back into the barrel and went off, swearing wickedly.

To M. Vanderpot's homely mind there loomed a problem beyond all human solution, and he was still turning the matter over in his brain when yet another *poilu* hove into view.

"*Combien ton jus, mon cabot?*"

"*Vingt-cinq sous,*" answered M. Vanderpot, "and," he went on hurriedly, "you can —— well taste it before I fill up your can, my lad. I've had enough of that already!"

"*Pas mauvais!*" declared the *poilu*, taking a sip, "*y a meilleur! Mais pas mauvais!* You can fill up the can!"

⁂ ⁂

The operation over, the customer took a sip from his can. A wave of sudden anger seemed to choke him. "What's this filth you've given me now, you damned rascal?" he stormed, "I'll swear it's not the same. I won't have this poison!" And cursing with the most amazing fluency, he, also, poured the whole lot back into the barrel.

M. Vanderpot stopped speaking, and a look of melancholy stole over his honest countenance.

"How," he asked, in a small, thin voice, "was I to know at the time that a huge sponge, capable of retaining one litre of fluid, was at the bottom of each one of those cans?"

How, indeed?

Yours ever,

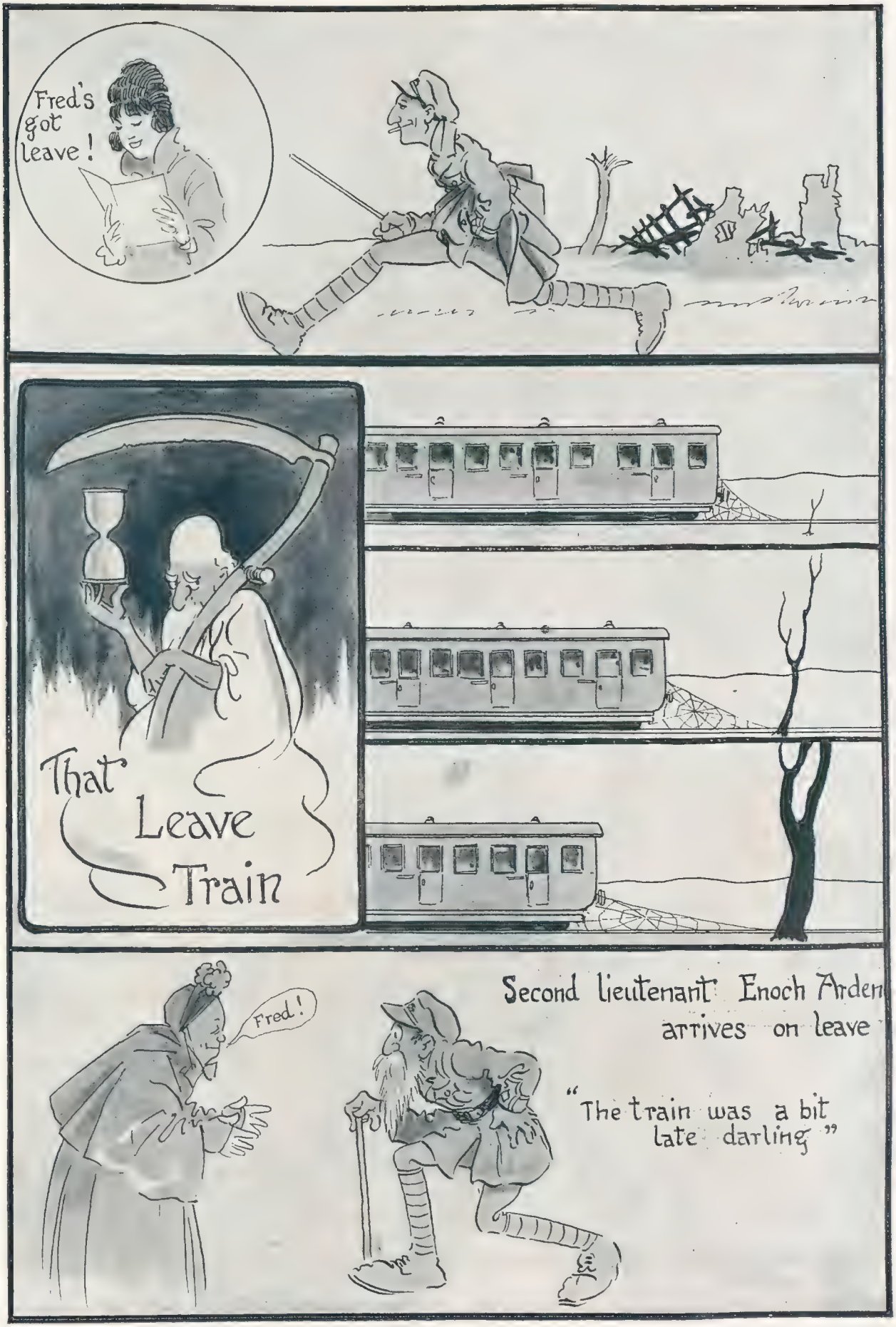
Jack Johnson

JUST HAD HER GAS BILL

"Yes, auntie; we took the first line of trenches, and the very same day the French gained four hundred metres from the Germans"

"That was splendid, my boy. It ought to put a stop to those dreadful gas attacks we hear so much about?"

That "Leave" Train



PASSED BY CENSOR

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Through a Woman's Eyes

SUGAR

To my mind the most romantic product of the war is sugar. In every country I have been in, *Entente* or neutral, the obtaining of sugar is occupying everybody's attention. The most enormous fortunes are made in Southern Russia through the production of beetroot sugar. Yet even there, in the centre of its cultivation, one can get only small quantities. The banks in Kieff do an enormous business simply in the sugar trade. In one large bank I was much attracted by a very oriental-looking man being bowed into a director's room. I thought he must be at least the President of China. But, no! He was only a Persian merchant buying sugar.

❋

In Petrograd long queues stand waiting to buy sugar. Then one hears that the Russian Government has authorised the sale of forty million *poods*—a *pood* is thirty-six English pounds. Yet that quantity would go but a little way among Russia's nearly two hundred million people. In Stockholm one is served in hotels with four tiny morsels of sugar. Upon inquiring of a waiter I found that most of his class attribute the shortage in Sweden to two reasons: one because "Russland" won't sell them any; the other because England won't let the ships bring sugar; but upon making other inquiries I found this to be incorrect. Sweden produces her own beetroot sugar, and has sold most of her supply to Germany and Norway. In Christiania the only sign of prosperity seemed to be that the pieces were larger; otherwise the people were sulky as in Sweden because of the shortage of sugar.

❋

In Kieff I met an American sent over by his Government just to buy the sugar beet seed. He had bought nearly £200,000 worth of this in Holland in eight days, and that was a mere bagatelle to the supplies he was buying in Russia. He was sending whole train loads over to Vladivostock. He couldn't leave Kieff except to go to Moscow or Petrograd about shipments. He was months in Russia; for all I know he may be there still, just buying sugar beet seed to make the fortunes of "the too proud to fight people," while the *Entente* is struggling for a world's peace.

❋

I was rather alarmed to see this wholesale buying in millions, and to feel that so much trade was slipping out of the *Entente* countries' hands; but I found my anxieties were unnecessary. There is evidently plenty of room for the production of sugar in any country that takes it up. The sugar beet is easily cultivated. For instance, although such millions of *poods* are obtained in Russia, yet Russia has all she can do to provide for her own people and supply Rumania and Persia. Sweden produces her own sugar; in fact, most countries could produce it from the sugar beet seed.

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MINSTRELSY IN MACEDONIA

On the Salonica front, in moments of relaxation Tommy bends his energies to various little "stunts," including, of course, ballad minstrelsy, which, with a topical touch, is always welcome. Above is Private Upcher thoroughly entering into the spirit of the thing

❋

As we all know, very many of France's sugar factories were destroyed early in the war. The same thing happened in Russia. These latter factories were destroyed by the Cossacks when they prepared the way for the Russian retreat in 1915. Among the Poles this created much ill-feeling, for some estates were destroyed in country that has never fallen into the enemy's hands; but to clear the country of everything that would benefit the Germans is the Cossack's chief duty, and he does it to the last word; but here again, upon making inquiries, I found that the Russian Government is indemnifying all landowners who have suffered in this way.

❋

But there is one good result from the non-production of beetroot sugar. The West Indies are thriving with their sugar canes as they have not done for years. The falling-off in the West India sugar trade has occupied the minds of their governing countries considerably for some time, and chemical analysts have been sent out to see in what way the islands could be helped, so as to compete with the traders in beetroot sugar. Cuba is the greatest sugar-producing country in the world, and there again the Americans are the gainers; but they must make good during the *Entente's* activity in war, for in every country I've been in, especially in Russia, the great desire is to deal with the Allies as far as possible. And Canada is much favoured in Petrograd at the United States' expense, so much so that I have heard Americans say: "We'll have to quit when the war is over, as all the trade is going to Russia's allies where she can give it."

Rosamond Boultbee

Across the Styx

No. III.—THE PET

1950 : A Peep I

No. ? FLYING CORPS SQUADRON STILL "CA

Into the Future

"CARRYING ON" SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Minerva—as Modernised

Photograph *Florence Vandamm*

There is, perhaps, little of the Latin idea of the Goddess of Wisdom about this sprightly and fetching picture of Miss Minerva Coverdale, the American comédienne, who is now delighting big houses at the Empire by her performance in "Razzle-Dazzle"

Obliging a Friend

BY "ROYAL SCOT"

DERMOT M'CARTHY, Portman Mansions, London, to RICHARD PRENTICE, Big Pine Ranch, Esmeralda County, California, U.S.A.

DEAR DICK—

"HELP a friend and you help yourself to trouble." The man who made up that proverb knew what he was talking about all right. I have just been trying to help a friend, and have helped myself to an allowance of trouble that I could manage very well to do without. I am as sore as a pack-horse's back, for my intentions were good all the way through. You'll say they always are, but that doesn't help. Anyhow, I've done my share towards paving the way to the lower country. If everybody had done as much, the contract for finishing that road would be a lead-pipe cinch. However, to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," I think you are going to see me out in California again before very long, and this is why.

The other evening I had a visit from Jim Henderson. He is back from France, and knows less than when he went out. But he was a big success out there—got the M.C. and was mentioned in despatches and several times in *Comic Cuts*. He knew how to manage men. He has now found out that he cannot manage women. Or, rather, one little bit of a girl. And this was the cause of his trouble and his visit to me. He really looked woeful, except when swearing what he would do to the other fellow, for there was another fellow. Then he was fearful to behold. I really felt nervous about the other fellow, and had I known him would have given him the tip to keep out of Jim's way. It appears Jim was getting on like a house on fire with this little girl, when some bally ass got to know her, and was blackguard enough to try to get into the little girl's good graces and cut Jim out. The bally ass had taken the little girl out to dinner once, and Jim had learnt that he was actually going to do the same thing again that night, for Jim had asked the little girl to dine with him that night, and she had declined, flaunting the bally ass in Jim's face. I felt sorry for Jim. Couldn't I tell him what to do? Well, I must admit it seemed a simple enough case to me. In future, keep on the far side of the street from simple-looking things. I told him that the obvious thing to do was to make the little girl jealous by taking out another girl—a real good-looker—to dinner at the same place, and then flirting with her for all he trusted his father might leave him—Jim has no money. But Jim protested he didn't know another girl, at least another girl pretty enough to make the little girl feel small. So that seemed to knock the bottom out of the scheme until I suggested why not go to some pal and borrow his smartest-looking girl for the evening. He asked me to lend him one! Somehow, I had not thought of that, and the scheme began to lose its rose colour. But Jim was in dead earnest, made a regular point of my seeing him through, and at last I consented.

Well, as you know, I never do things by halves, so I said I would introduce him to a girl *de luxe*, who would look the part to the Queen's taste, and who could be depended on to play up in a way that would fetch the little girl back to Jim like a homing pigeon. I must tell you this girl *de luxe* is the smartest thing that ever happened in London. She is tall, graceful as a gazelle, and carries herself like a three-year-old. She has a fine figure and eyes beautiful, brilliant, and brown, but it's her hair that makes them all envious—a glorious crown of bronze tint, absolutely indescribable. She has bewitching manners, and is always radiant and wholly charming.

Jim and I went down to the 'phone. After the usual waiter business and exchange of courtesies with the polite, but scatter-brained, hello-girl, at last I got the ear of the girl *de luxe*. And she has lovely little ears. It's just a pleasure talking into them. Well, I explained the scheme, and she was game. I introduced Jim over the 'phone. That's the one good point about the old-fashioned English telephone. Four people can use it at the same time. I gave Jim one of the ear things, and we had a three-cornered chat. It was arranged that Jim should call for the girl *de luxe* and take her to the Troc.; whither the B.A. was taking the little girl. They—Jim and the G. de L.—began to think they would have a great time, though Jim still felt sore. Then the girl *de luxe* suggested that I also should dine at the Troc. and watch the fun. Now, it happened that I had arranged to take a girl out to dinner there that night myself. She was a girl I was very much captivated with, and I will say this—there never was a more companionable or sweeter little thing in the world.

Of course, I did not want the girl *de luxe* to get on to this. And I daren't tell Jim, because he would give me away, without ever knowing he'd been generous. So I protested that I could not go into the Troc. alone like a lost dog, neither could I dine with them without spoiling the scheme. But the girl *de luxe* insisted I must find a girl and come and see the sport, if only to please her. As a matter of fact, I had become so interested that I was longing to see how it would pan out, but I thought it good business to feign the reluctant escort to any but the girl *de luxe*. I think she hungered for another girl victim to a short-notice dinner invitation. And Jim said I was a swell girl-finder. So I consented gracefully, and gained much kudos for my good nature. I don't know, Dick, whether this was strategy or tactics or the new diplomacy; but it seemed to work all right. I had been afraid lest some kind friend might turn informer on me to the girl *de luxe*. Now it was at her special request that I was taking this other girl out!

We telephoned down to the Troc. for two tables for two, and Jim went off to get flowers for the girl *de luxe*—I put him up to this—and dress. I tumbled into my things, got a taxi, and hurried off to the captivator's. I told her about the scheme, and it took her fancy immensely. She thought it just ripping, and we anticipated great sport. She got an extra quick move on, and in a little over an hour and a half we were on our way to the Troc., so as to be first in

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 198

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded)

the field and see all the fun. Driving down, I told her all about Jim, without mentioning names, of course, but only touched lightly on the girl *de luxe*. (It's bad form praising one girl to another, and does nobody any good.) We got to the Troc. before Jim and the girl *de luxe*, and, after ordering dinner, I looked round to see whether I could spot the B.A. and Jim's little girl. There were plenty of fellows who looked the part all right, but I could not make sure of the little girl, so I told the captivator that we must wait until Jim's wrathful glower would point them out. We had begun dinner when Jim and the girl *de luxe* came in. I sat facing the door. They both smiled. They were in high glee, and the girl *de luxe* in a low frock that was a dream of delight. I did feel proud of her recognition, but somehow I fancied Jim did not look too well pleased. They had a table just opposite our side of the balcony. I told the captivator to catch on, that the actors had entered, and the curtain was up, and I watched Jim in order to locate the bally ass and the little girl. I guessed that Jim would look mad. Sure enough he did. I thought he would have a fit. And the girl *de luxe* froze and straightened herself up like a pillar. I felt that something unlucky was going to happen to somebody, and to be on the right side threw some salt over my left shoulder. "By Jove!" I said, turning to the captivator, "they've seen 'em, and they're in dead earnest. How's that for live acting?" To my immense surprise she gave me a Boston freezer of a stare that dried me up absolutely. I took a drink, and asked what was the trouble.

Then it dawned on me. *I* was the bally ass and the captivator was Jim's little girl. Now don't you call that horrible? I naturally kept on filling and emptying my glass in a mechancial manner. A small voice, with tears at the back of it, said: "The least you can do, if you have one instinct of a gentleman left in you, is to see me into a taxi immediately." And the little girl rose and made for the door. Throwing down enough to make the waiter happy, I followed her down the stairs. Slowly and sadly I wrapped her opera-cloak around her, and helped her into a taxi. "Home," she said, staring straight in front of her. I told the chauffeur the address, and I was left on the pavement like a melancholy stork that had realised for the first time the disconsolation of standing alone. Looking through the glass doors, I tried to realise that I was the same man who had entered them so joyously. Then I caught sight of the girl *de luxe* coming down the stairs like a moving statue, old Jim following behind looking wretched. I tumbled. The girl *de luxe* was down on Jim just as the captivator was on me. Poor old us. The only decent thing to do I did—vamoosed up Shaftesbury Avenue. But I could not resist watching what would happen. It was just a sort of encore to the little tragedy already enacted for the benefit of the porter and pageboys. Jim was left on the pavement as the second stork. I hope I looked better.

Friendship's fool am I. Think of it—Jim's happiness blighted for ever. And he thinks I am a traitor. The girl *de luxe* believes that I wanted to humiliate her before the captivator. And the captivator has the idea that I wanted the girl *de luxe* to triumph over her. All three think that I acted like a beast. And I am not sure that I didn't.

Dick, I never knew until now how much I really love those girls. And I'd cut off a hand for either of them rather than cause them a moment's pain. I don't know what to do. Jim cut me dead in Bond Street yesterday, so I could not explain. And as for the girls—well, I don't know. But it cuts a man up to have all his little presents sent back—of small price, maybe, yet precious. Each one with a memory. Especially when they are sent singly and keep coming in from one or other by each post. Heaven knows when they'll stop. It's simply raining returned presents. And I can't remember how many things I gave. In future I'll keep a record. Then I shall be able to check 'em off when they're returned, write off the agony, and know the worst beforehand. Better to be a business man, after all.

I can't get these fools of doctors to pass me for the Army, so I guess the sooner I leave London and float out west again the better. When a man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, it's foolish to live in a big smoke. Till then so long. Yours,

DERMOT M'CARTHY

P.S.—Another present has just ~~come home~~ like a curse to roost.

AN ECHO OF "THE LADY IN THE CASE"

VERY PLAIN TOMMY: "Look here, Miss; next visiting day, I want you to be sure and let me have a chaperon!"

Life in a Seaplane Carrier

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 5.—"HOUSING SEAPLANE"

LIEUT. E. G O. BEUTTLER

Liaison Letters from John to Jacques

POLITESSE DE GUERRE

CHER AMI—

No, dear boy, it is a mistake to suppose that your nation still holds the monopoly of politeness. We have always been brought up to suppose that the innate good manners and courtesy of the Frenchman exceeded those of all other nations. It is true that when Europe wakes from her piteous nightmare there is a strong probability of France reassuming the premier place for suavity in the Courts of the world. Germany is out of the running. She has lost so much ground by her bestial behaviour that her children's children will labour against a severe handicap if she ever wishes again to be received without frigidity. Meanwhile there has grown up in the last two years a species of Franco-cum-British-cum-American *hustle*. I deplore it, although I share it. It can best be described as *politesse de guerre*. All those who participate to any extent in the machinery of war are imbued with it. The suave, immaculate-toned Parisian has become anglicised into a curt, terse-speaking man, who has not, as it were, a minute to live. The abrupt, suspicious Englishman, now over-worked for the first time in his life, has inherited some of the hysteria so often supposed to be the birthright of his Ally oversea.

⁂ ⁂

I HAVE seen a lot of this *politesse de guerre* (save the mark !) both in London and Paris. There are two dear old gentlemen of my acquaintance who sit behind *guichets* in Paris. One deals now with passports (he used, in the halcyon days, to occupy himself with subscribers' telephone accounts), and the other "pays out" in one of your famous banks. The extreme docility of both has been seared in the flame of war. I dealt with both of them in the peaceful years, and quite looked forward to pleasant *après déjeuner* chats with them while conducting *dilettante* business. Now, I approach them with some trepidation and awe, for both are soured, rasping-voiced men, to whom the uncompromising negative comes easily. They use the invariable uplifting of shoulders which is a preface to the inevitable *mais que voulez-vous que je fasse—moi, hein ?* And when you hear this from a tired-eyed French clerk you may as well depart to the place from whence you came; for, believe me, Jacques, there is *nothing doing !*

⁂ ⁂

AND in the corner of the war where I work, often until the night is old, the change that has been wrought in the temperaments of colleagues I have known in the glad hunting, golfing days is most marked and interesting psychologically.

⁂ ⁂

WE consider ourselves to be the greased hub of the great war machine. There is some justification for this conceit, as we are engaged upon —er—well, you know what, *mon vieux*. At the same time we are but little children, weak when all is taken into account. Most of us have been steeped in the military tradition since our teens, but very few of us have been obliged, before, to get through three hours' work in an hour, as is now the case. Consequently all the best, and the worst, in us has been brought to light. Most of us swear more than we should; many of us say "what a life!" at intervals; few of us keep our tempers; and all of us consider ourselves underpaid and over-strafed.

⁂ ⁂

THE men who have come to us with great business reputations hang up in their rooms conspicuous signs, on which are written such things as "Please Be Brief" and "Keep to the Point"—these men, we find, invariably wander off into side issues with their callers. Others, the silent men with the set, white faces and furrowed brows, inform us *ad nauseam* that "it can't possibly be done," and then proceed to do it without fuss or advertisement. But the men who swallow up the work ("Tanks" they are called) are those who have reduced to a minor science the art of "holding on" to a telephone receiver with the left hand, continuing to draft a letter with the right, and listening to the importunities of a caller with the remaining available ear. There *are* such men as this, Jacques; one shares my room—but he is growing old before my eyes.

⁂ ⁂

BUT in view of all this you cannot expect excess of urbanity. *Politesse de guerre* covers a multitude of lapses from the path of patience. An ex-colleague of mine listened, two years ago, with studied politeness, to an individual who had invented a wonderful preparation for stopping bullets. It took a long time to describe; but, in effect, it was a solution of vaseline and heavy oil, which, when smeared on the uniform "just before the battle, mother," caused the bullets to glance off harmlessly ! This colleague, who sat with folded hands and patient face, has now travelled very high up the administrative ladder. Do you wonder ?

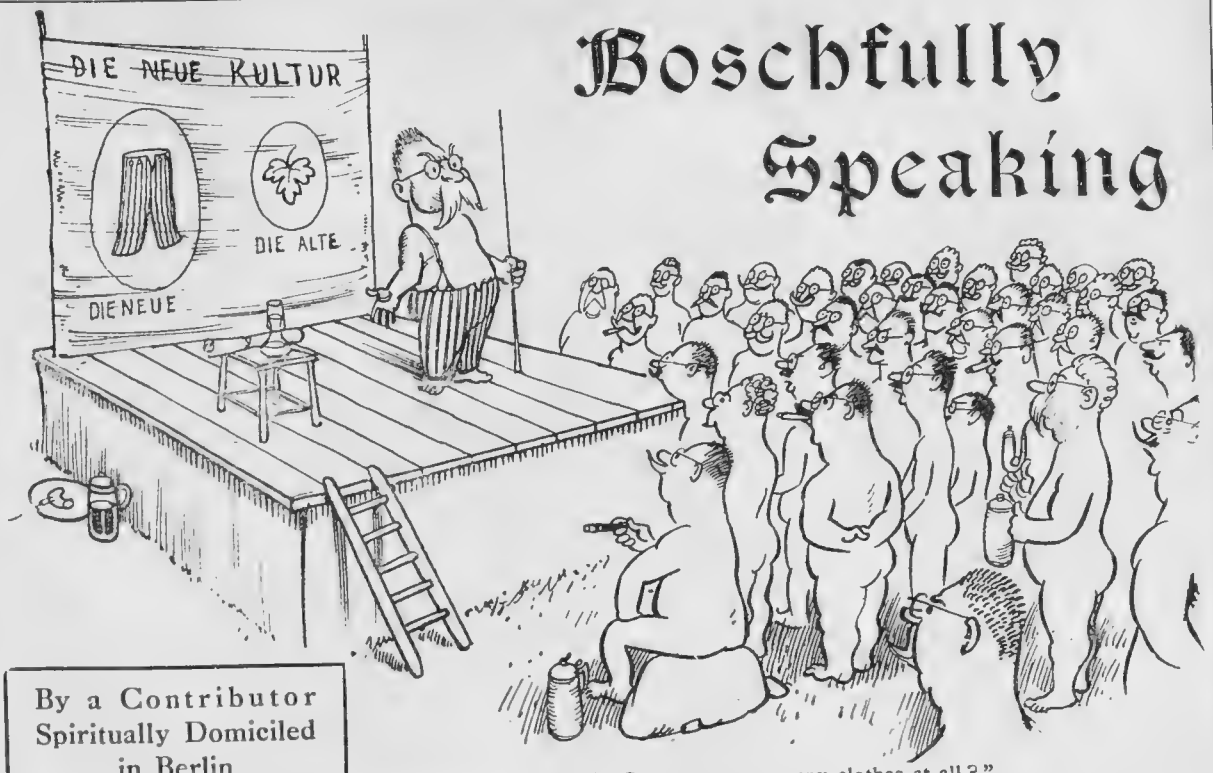
⁂ ⁂

THERE is a swing-door in a certain passage, in a certain place, which I (in the old days of war) held open at the luncheon hour one day absently, while I thought of other things. A steady stream of concentrated faces brushed past me until I awoke to the *politesse de guerre*, and let it slam, wallop, in the face of the man behind. We are becoming very Americanised in these little matters.

Toujours à toi,

JOHN

Boschfully Speaking



"Ought Germans to wear any clothes at all?"

By a Contributor Spiritually Domiciled in Berlin

THIS week's burning—or shouldn't it be freezing?—question in Germany seems to be "the cult of the nude." Ought hard-shell Germans (so to speak) to wear any clothes at all? Herr Ungewitter, of Stuttgart, coldly remarks "No," but *Heimdall* (a Pan-German monthly journal) argues that

> The Germans have never gone about entirely naked—not in the Middle Ages, not in Germanic antiquity, not in the earliest times. Investigation has proved that clearly; and, indeed, the northern origin of the Germans made it impossible. On the contrary, the Germans were the inventors of trousers.

"Their factory consists of a cooking-pot"

BUT the majority of Germans are, naturally, even more concerned with what they shall put *in* their bodies than with what they shall put *on* them. One, Dr. Fendler, reporting on food substitutes in the *Vossische Zeitung*, says

> Since the beginning of the war the number of factories for the production of food has increased in a most uncomfortable manner. Corn traders without employment, farmers living in the town, barbers who are unsuccessful in their proper calling, and others have suddenly discovered that their true vocation lies in manufacturing food. Their factory often consists of a cooking-pot, and their capital is a few marks and some very questionable recipes.

ON the same subject one Professor Rosin finds little indication of diminishing physical power owing to enforced abstinence. On the other hand, as a result of war diet the heavy load of fat tissues formerly fashionable is now disappearing, with excellent physical results.

Men and women are met daily by the professor who show him with some pride the loose folds of clothes where in former days all was tightness and pressure. And they are all in good health and all feel comfortable and jolly.

Rather rotten of Rosin, though, isn't it, to say that all these benefits have been brought about by England waging its "hate-born and curse-laden starvation war"?

"Showing with pride the loose folds of their clothing"

ENGLAND again comes in for unkind comment from the *Rhenische Westfalische Zeitung*, which explains how Germans have been toiling for freedom. Before the war Germany was "unfree," and the *R.W.Z.* pleads that—

> Our great industrious nation was wedged into a ridiculously narrow space, obliged to develop itself as their neighbours decided. We believed ourselves to be free, but as soon as we stretched forth our arms swollen with power to seize some small bit of ownerless territory England's closed fist smote us in the face and tore away from us that which we thought we possessed.

"England's closed fist smote us in the face and tore away from us that which we thought we possessed"

This page consists of comments on actual quotations from German papers, illuminated by the wit of Mr. H. M. Bateman. The letterpress, in fact, is mainly "made in Germany"; the illustrations are of "entirely British manufacture"

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS is the usual American drama of hustle and sensation, in which the most dramatic effects are produced by pointing a revolver at somebody just at the right moment. The chief hustler is Mr. Daniel Taylor, a Customs officer (Mr. James Carew) who is on the track of a daring smuggler, Stephen Denby (Mr. Matheson Lang). From information received, as they say in police circles, Taylor learns that Denby has arrived in port having in his possession an extremely valuable necklace, and that in all probability he will try to avoid paying duty on his fascinating import. Daniel Taylor is not a Government official for nothing. His idea is to let the smuggler get through with "the stuff," and then call on him and have a business chat with him afterwards. There is always the happy chance that Mr. Stephen Denby, on finding himself caught red-handed, may be willing to buy off the hounds of justice at a liberal premium.

TAYLOR'S first step is to summon to his presence Ethel Wainwright, a young lady moving in the best circles in New York (Miss Jessie Winter). As he is in a position to blackmail this fair and innocent girl, she is obliged to obey him when he requires her to get an invitation to the country-house at which Denby will be a guest on landing. It will be her business to gain Denby's confidence, and find out where the "stuff" is hidden, so that the Customs officers may call and charge him with his crime. It is not, perhaps, a nice enterprise for a lady, but in these times we are all doing jobs at which we should have turned up our noses a year or two ago. On arriving at the country-house Ethel is shocked to find that Mr. Denby is a young man with whom she used to go for moonlight strolls in Paris, a year or so ago, and everybody knows the effect of moonshine on the heart that is young and tender. ("Shush!" as they say in the B.E.F.) She is, therefore, in the extremely awkward position of being

Hands Across the Sea

AUSTRALIA'S SMALLEST SOUBRETTE

MISS DAPHNE POLLARD

The Australian comédienne who is to make her English début in the new revue at the London Hippodrome. She is an outstanding example of the early beginner, for at the age of six she was playing important rôles, and at twelve she had a repertory of thirty-two musical comedies. She is as small as her talent is great

Photographs Hill's Studios

"UNDER COVER" AT THE STRAND

obliged to try to convict of crime the only man she has ever loved. Awful, isn't it?

❋

ETHEL discovers that Denby has the compromising necklace hidden in a drawer in his bedroom. She asks, therefore, that she may have the room next to his. And late at night she opens the door that communicates between the two rooms, and tries to prise open the drawer in question with a paper-knife. In the midst of her task the lights go up, and Stephen Denby steps into the room and locks the door behind him. Frightfully embarrassing situation, don't you know. Denby refuses to believe that this is Ethel's job at all, and he asks her for the name of the man under whose orders she is acting. As she refuses to give it he explains the very delicate situation while he is locking the other door that leads to her room. She will have to stay where she is till the servants bring up the tea in the morning. They will find her there, and they will remember that she asked particularly that she might have the next room to his. They will ask themselves why, and they will supply the answer with a wealth of detail that will be more picturesque than accurate. The tension is relieved by the sudden arrival of Daniel Taylor on the warpath. There is the usual "hold-up" with a revolver, and there is a brisk Struggle in the Dark all very startling and sensational.

❋

LATER on, Taylor catches Denby with the valuable necklace in his hands, and, after that, the course of justice is clear. He dwells at loving length on the horrible prospect before Mr. Stephen Denby, and is shocked when Mr. Denby positively attempts to bribe him—him, Daniel Taylor, a Government official—with twenty thousand dollars. (It isn't enough.) When, however, the offer is increased to thirty thousand dollars Taylor grows quite interested. He perceives that he is now talking to an intelligent man of business; and they are so rare in these days. Mr. James Carew is at his best in this scene. The bills are duly handed over, and Taylor is about to suggest that bygones should be bygones when Denby produces another document. This is a police-officer's warrant signed by no less exalted a person than the President himself. And everybody knows that the President can write. This little surprise comes at the end of the play, and is a happy way of ending up a most interesting and exciting story. *Under Cover* should be a popular success. JINGLE

The Infernal Triangle

TRAJECTORY TROUBLES

The Bystander in Paris

SHARPS AND FLATS AND THINGS

Do you ever feel flippant under adverse circumstances? I always do. I never want to be really funny except just at the wrong moment. When a dentist is playing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," with the back of my head against that beastly velvet cushion of his, I have always got a funny story that I want to tell him. The result is invariably painful—to me, *s'entend*—and the only satisfaction I ever got out of it was my success in making the dentist's lady assistant faint one afternoon when I got the joke out and the dentist got the big tooth out simultaneously. The joint production was a very gory and a fearsome spectacle—Grand Guignolly, in fact. So, of course, I feel flippant this evening because I am very ill in bed with shooting pains all over me, and, unfortunately, the shooting pains are rotten bad shots.

"The result is invariably painful."

"So I took a big stick and I thumped on the floor"

❀

I HAVE got a neighbour—in fact, without wishing to boast at all, I have several neighbours; because in Paris nobody but a millionaire lives in a house of his own. Hence the flats of the title of this article. Hence also, to some extent, the sharps, because one of the peculiarities of flat life in Paris just now is that nobody need pay his rent who doesn't want to—*et alors!*

❀

YOU Londoners have an amusing theory, I know, that life in Paris "must be so delightful because everybody knows everybody else." "This flat life of yours," they say, "is so charming." Mps! *je ne pense pas*, as the poet is reported to have observed. I remember meeting a very delightful man one evening at dinner. We became quite friendly, having very similar views on several subjects. He was the older man of the two, and he paid me the Frenchman's rare compliment of inviting me to go and see him. We exchanged cards, and both of us burst out laughing. "Why," I said, "this is really funny! I had been quite certain all the evening that I had seen you *somewhere* before, but I couldn't place you, and thought I must have seen you at a dress rehearsal at a theatre. I have a terribly faithful memory for faces, but can't always put names to them." "And I suffer from the same complaint," he said. "I thought I knew you, too. If you will forgive me mentioning the fact, you have a rather characteristic appearance, and now I see"—he looked at my card and I looked at his—"and now I see," we both exclaimed together, "that we live in the same house!" We had, as a matter of fact, lived door to door for seven years, passed one another on the stairs countless times—*et voilà!* It is a curious fact that a Frenchman calls you "monsieur" with an icy politeness which prevents you from knowing him intimately for ages, and calls a lady "madame" with exactly the same charm of warmth. But flat life has its compensations. On the floor beneath me is a piano. There are other pianos in other flats in the house—I *don't* want to boast, but there is a piano in ours. But on the floor beneath us, exactly underneath my bedroom, is a piano with a young lady attachment. Yes, one of those mechanical pianos, but, unfortunately, the young lady is the mechanism. Only yesterday my relations with the tenant on the floor below were those of freezing courtesy. The only member of the family I knew was papa. Papa, as

(*Continued on page 210*)

"——and Mademoiselle went on thumping that poor piano"

"In a Persian Garden"

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A Song Cycle composed by Liza Lehmann

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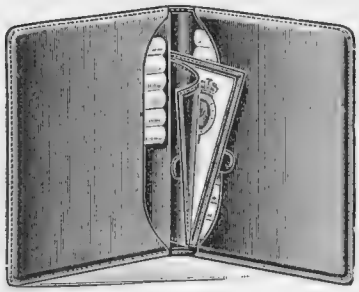

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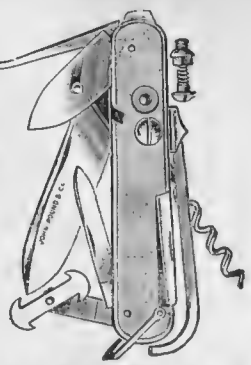

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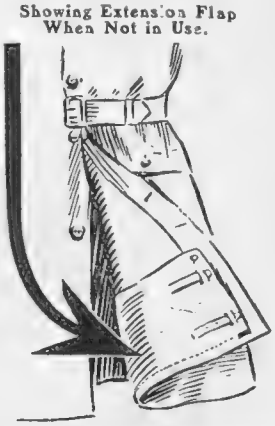

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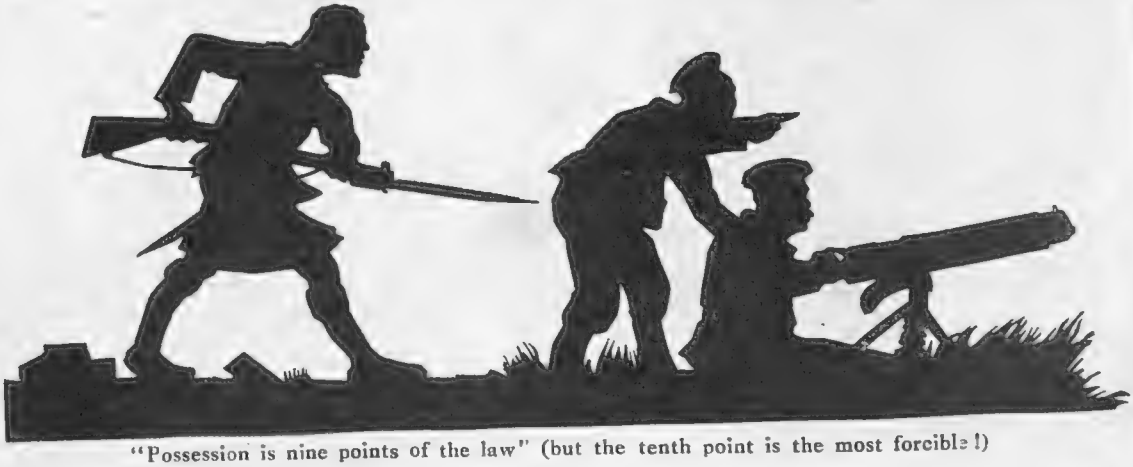

"Possession is nine points of the law" (but the tenth point is the most forcible!)

H.L. Oakley.

Lieutenant Oakley presents another page of silhouettes, illustrating some of the humours which fall to the lot of "Tommy" to ameliorate the bitterness alike of the weather and the fighting

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (concluded)

far as I was concerned, consisted of an old gentleman who had been up to see me one day to complain that my bath was running into his drawing-room. But I knew of the existence of mademoiselle, his daughter, and mademoiselle, papa's daughter, is studying for the Conservatoire. I knew that because the *bonne* downstairs told the *concierge*, and the *concierge* told the milk-lady, and the milk-lady told the lady who falls upstairs in the early morning with the bread, for reasons with which milk has nothing to do, and the bread-lady told our *bonne*, and our *bonne*—who likes to make conversation when I want her to make up the bedroom fire instead—told me. So I knew that mademoiselle was studying for the Conservatoire, and she and her piano tortured me as I lay ill in bed from half-past eight every morning till twelve forty-five, and on again from one-fifteen till half-past seven, with a final flourish from eight till half-past nine or ten o'clock. So I took a big stick and I thumped on the floor, and mademoiselle went on thumping that poor piano. Then I sent the *bonne* downstairs with a polite message, and asked papa to come and see me. I intended to be perfectly disagreeable with papa, but he developed into a dear little old man like a Gavarni illustration to the *Bourgeoise Gentilhomme*"—

"A perfectly charming girl goddess of about seventeen"

a perfect little dear, in a white beard and spectacles, with dapper little manners like the white rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*, and sane ideas about the war, and the *palmes académiques* in his buttonhole, and an architect by profession—a nice fatherly little chap, who patted my hand and was going to do his best for my speedy recovery, he said. There is nothing half so aggravating when you are ill as wanting to be angry and having to suppress it, is there? Half an hour afterwards mademoiselle herself was announced. I looked at the stick in the corner, and grinned. "Ah," I thought, "nasty, grubby little schoolgirl! *I'll* talk to her!" Well, of course, you can guess! A perfectly charming girl goddess of about seventeen, absolutely pretty, absolutely sweet, gracious, gentle, brown-eyed, apologetic—a dear! "*So* sorry!" Her "beastly piano certainly shouldn't trouble me any more!" She has to go on working for the Conservatoire, but she'll borrow a friend's piano and do it there.

And I did so want a chance of losing my temper; and now I'm going to send her flowers and things instead. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

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Books *of the* Week

A FANTASY AND A MELODRAMA

A Fantasy

MR. William Arkwright's *Utinam* (Lane: 5*s.* net) is one of those delicate fantasies which are possibly more popular in France than in this country. You are told the story of a dissatisfied cypress-tree which—the tree is female—prays to the proper goddesses and is transformed consecutively into a peacock, not too well-informed as to the use of a tail, a young lady obliged to put solid food into her mouth, an owl moping in a church, and back, sadder and wiser, to her original state. The story reminds you irresistibly of some of Anatole France's work, though that is nothing against it. Mr. Arkwright writes well and with a certain pawky knowingness. His little digs at some of our modern absurdities bring a smile of satisfaction to your face. The story, which is pleasantly illustrated by Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., is well out of the ordinary, and may assuredly be enjoyed more than once.

"WINIFRED GRAHAM"
(Mrs. Theodora Cory) whose new book, "Judas of Salt Lake City," is a most thrilling and up-to-date story of Mormon propagandism in England and the adventures of two of its disciples—English girls—in Utah

A Cinema Novel

"A Peer's" *In the Year of Waiting* (Long: 6*s.*) deals rather melodramatically with those politically tempestuous months which immediately preceded the war. There is the inevitable German governess—she is a countess in her own country—in charge of the Cabinet Minister's children; there is the blue-eyed German officer with a hankering after the East Coast; there is the titled financier who, in spite of his British name, is very Hunnish indeed; and there is the stolid, lovable baronet who is going to have the narrowest possible escape in Flanders before he is able to marry the Cabinet Minister's daughter. Out of these now familiar materials "A Peer" weaves an exciting enough story, rather poorly and hastily written, but admirably adapted to the needs of the cinematograph. R. S.

The Clerk as Soldier

One Young Man (Hodder and Stoughton: 1*s.* net) tells with simplicity and truth, as edited by Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, the story of one of those thousands of young men, uprising to the call of their country, who in 1914 willingly prepared to lose all. This young clerk is typical of that unselfish army, and his story relates how he enlisted, fought for nearly two years, was severely wounded in the battle of the Somme, and having "done his bit," is now back again at business. A feature of the book is the way in which the splendid work done by the Y.M.C.A. for our soldiers is acknowledged, and shows what the men themselves think about that splendid society. B.

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It is fortunate that with all the nasty medicines we have to give there is a sweet to come after, and that is the ever-welcome Cigarette. How often the lads ask for an Army Club. . . . I am always so glad when I have some to give them. . . . . they are appreciated.

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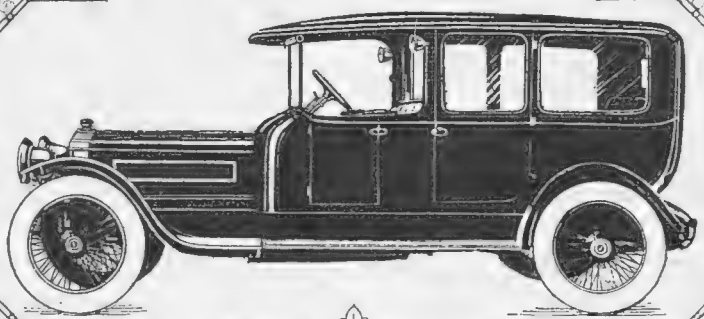

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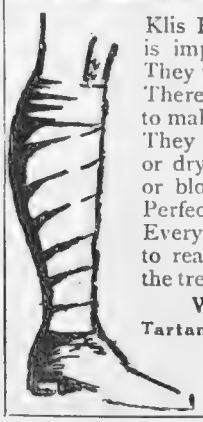

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A WOUNDED OUTING

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Another Fly-Paper

ANOTHER fly-paper is produced. It is called *Flying*. It professes to have discovered that "the whole world has suddenly turned its eyes upwards," and that, therefore, "the time has come for the air to have a really first-rate paper of its own." Apart from the fact that the whole world has *not* suddenly turned its eyes upward, and that several first-rate aeroplane papers already exist around the world, the statement is unexceptional. Literary license is only permissible within reasonable limits. *Flying* starts as if fully determined to get its licence endorsed at the earliest possible moment.

***

Brass Hats and Others

ONE of the results of the brass hat *régime* is the suggestion —originally made, I believe, by a coroner (Dr. Waldo, most likely) and repeated by Mr. Joynson-Hicks at the "Safety First" Convention— that we should all wear white hats at night because white hats can be seen. So I waited where a gleam of light trailed diffidently across the footpath in front of the club door for somebody to pass in a white hat. Then, at the risk of being grievously misunderstood, I followed. The result was unsatisfactory—so far as the white hat being seen in that sort of dark was concerned. A taxi or 'bus driver would have barged into the wearer before he knew anything about it, if he had been relying upon that hat only for his warning. No. They will have to be phosphorescent to be seen most dark nights; and then—what a mark a crowd, all roofed in luminous paint, would be for Zeps.!

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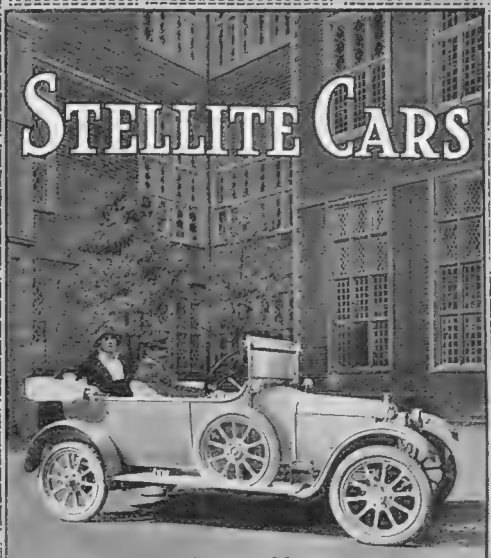

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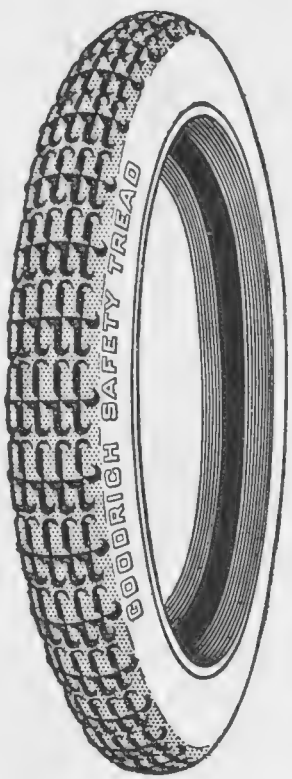

A WORD ON TYRE SIZES

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BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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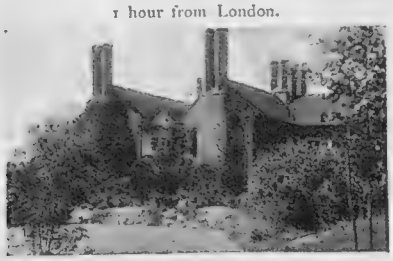

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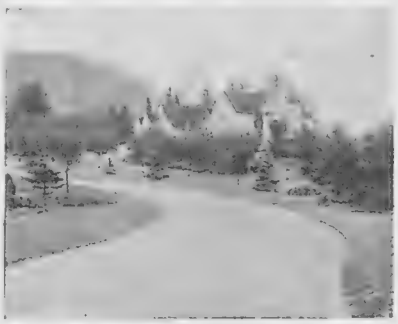

approached by long carriage drive with lodge at entrance, and containing: oak-panelled lounge hall, 4 reception rooms (one suitable for billiards if desired), 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, offices, etc.; electric light; telephone; certified drainage; excellent stabling, motor house, outbuildings and 3 cottages.

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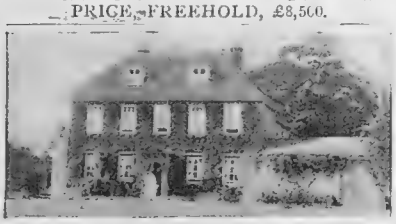
PRICE, FREEHOLD, £8,500.



KENT ('midst beautiful country).—Genuine QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, containing some fine old oak, handsome carved staircase, hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; main drainage, Co.'s water, heating, telephone; excellent stabling, garage. BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS, in all 5 acres; hunting, shooting, and golf. PRICE, £2,750 (open to offer)

A STUPENDOUS BARGAIN.

BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND HASTINGS—A compact Freehold RESIDENTIAL and AGRICULTURAL ESTATE of 195 ACRES, mostly park-like pasture, together with a most attractive Residence, containing: lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 9 bedrooms; very pretty pleasure grounds; stabling, garage, bailiff's house, 6 cottages, and a splendid set of farm-buildings.

PRICE FOR A QUICK SALE, £5,000.

WAR BARGAIN. FOR SALE AT ABOUT HALF RECENT COST.

CROWBOROUGH (close to golf links and in one of the prettiest rural spots in the South of England; high up, sandy soil).—A charming OLD ENGLISH STYLE, luxuriously fitted COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with gas, telephone, main water, beautiful grounds with large lawn, rose beds, shrubberies, 2 kitchen gardens; in all about 3¼ ACRES. Price, Freehold, £1,875; recently cost nearly double.

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KENT (between Maidstone and Ashford; glorious views).—4 reception, bath, 8 bedrooms. MASSIVE OAK BEAMS AND CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES OF THE PERIOD. Quaint old cottage; stabling, garage; beautiful old-world pleasure grounds, farmery; main water. 20 ACRES OF GRASS-LAND.

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OXON (near Banbury).—Imposing stone-built Family RESIDENCE; extensive stabling, garage; commodious buildings, cottage; charming pleasure grounds and park-lands of 120 ACRES. £7,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

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Price freehold for the whole estate, £3,300.
Or would be sold with 10 acres for £2,000 (open to offer)

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PRICE REDUCED FROM £3,000 TO £1,600.

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,, 3 12in x 16in	80ft.	1in.	4in.	£2 11 0

GREENHOUSE.	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.	GARAGE.	ft. in. ft. in. ft. in.
No 1 Boiler,	11 0 x 11 0 x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x 20 0 x 10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x 16 0 x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x 25 0 x 10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x 21 0 x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	23 0 x 23 0 x 10 0

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Lounge Suits, 6/- to 25/-. Trousers, 2/6 to 7/6.
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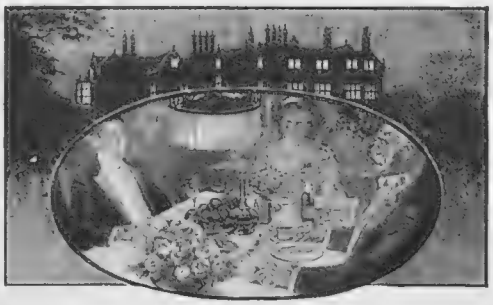

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A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.
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30 minutes before a meal

is the time to take your appetiser. That is if you take an appetiser.

If you don't—try one.

Add a dash of Khoosh Bitters to any drink you like—spirits, wine or water—and you will be surprised at the keenness of your appetite, and the improvement in your digestion.

The active bitter principle of Khoosh Bitters has an excellent tonic effect, which stimulates the appetite and aids digestion.

It is obtainable at all high-class Hotels and Restaurants—but better still have a bottle at home. Ask your Wine Merchant, and insist upon Khoosh Bitters.

The Khoosh Bitters Proprietory Ltd., London, England.

C2

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

AN IDEAL SPRING SUIT
Of mastic tricord at D. H. Evans'
Sketched by Dorothy Millar

THERE is probably no finer exercise for the subconscious mind than dress. Those of us who have the dress instinct highly developed are constantly brought up against this realisation by wholly unexpected incidents. Subsequently to a recent and third visit to *Chu Chin Chow* at His Majesty's Theatre there came over me like a flash the important element of the Orient in much of the dress of the day. That it is discreetly tempered to latter-day *convenances* goes without saying; but to those who have eyes to see, the *ligne* and intention are made crystal clear by the straight, formless figure, low, wide-cut necks, and loosely tied girdles and sashes, merely to mention three distinguishing details. Nor is there any mistaking the growing feeling for rich silk and metal brocades, a score of valuable hints in this connection being unconsciously imbibed at His Majesty's Theatre.

The Picturesque Demi-Toilette Suggestively Oriental

For this fascinating compromise between an *après-midi* frock and a teagown, which is absorbing just now such a large share of attention at the hands of our leading *coutourières*, the tucked under harem skirt used in lieu of the conventional trousers, accompanied by a quaint loose coat—a species of jumper—opening on some persuasive little waistcoat, is just one of many charming models recently submitted to me arranged on these Asiatic lines. Others, again, are cut in straight all in one style, more after the chemise-frock, presenting quite a fresh aspect in some rich soft brocade. A black brocaded over with great gold floral *motifs* was lovely, the round *décolletage* caught on the shoulders like a Greek *péplum*, and finished with a narrow flat tucker of black *tulle* and floating *tulle* sleeves. A black and gold girdle fell loosely about the hips. Gowns of this *genre*, it may be added, just cover the ankle, and are worn with black shoes and white or pale-coloured stockings.

The Earliest Spring Models

It warms the heart and the body in anticipation merely to consider these creations, a procedure rendered possible through the enterprise of Messrs D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, who, close on the heels of their great white sale, are ready with a first consignment of models for early spring wear. Needless to say, the sources requisitioned for the trend of *La Mode* are of the highest integrity, a fact that brings particular significance to bear on the discreet character of the afternoon gown illustrated. This is the sweetest, most demure frock imaginable, fashioned of silver-grey *faille* or poplin, and arranged with one of the new flat little bodices. The neck is scooped out in a shallow round, outlined by one of the quaint halter collars, the sleeves issuing out of wide armholes, and deftly sloped off to fit the wrist closely. The *jupe*, falling in perfectly straight lines, is gathered at the sides, and is ornamented with little plaques of self-coloured embroidery and metal thread, the whole *ensemble* expressing *le dernier cri* so delightfully, without any apparent effort or desire to startle and waylay—a model for which D. H. Evans is

(*Continued on page* viii)

A SILVER-GREY POPLIN
With the new flat bodice at D. H. Evans'
Sketched by Dorothy Millar

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

asking the very moderate sum of 7½ guineas.

Similarly in the tailoring section there are to be found many valuable hints as to the correct things to wear, a particularly representative example being likewise illustrated—a perfectly ideal spring suit of mastic tri-cord, ornamented with that effective heavy silk cable stitching and a collar of white gabardine. It will be noticed how large pockets still obtain, the coat, furthermore, carrying a narrow belt, closing in front with a handsome white and dark-blue enamel buckle. New gabcord suits commence at 4½ guineas, while every week now will see fresh consignments of evening and afternoon gowns, selected with infinite discretion to meet the prevailing conditions, ranging in price from 3 guineas.

A Fashion that Points to Economy

What with the rise in price of soap, soda, labour, and starch, the laundry bill is fast becoming a weekly bugbear, and all sorts of little artifices and subterfuges are practised by those on economy bent and *nous autres*, whose purse strings are strained to the utmost limits to stem the tide. And in direct contradiction to her reputation for extravagance, no one is falling more readily into this particular saving scheme than *La Mode* herself, an emphatic order having been issued in favour of dark-coloured silk blouses. The *lingerie* touch even is absent, in many instances, from the throat, white muslin and *organdi* collars giving way before a hard-finished oval, square, or oblong neck opening, or a collar fashioned of the same dark-hued fabric as the blouse itself.

Jumpers and Blouses

It is not by any means only in colour schemes, however, that the new season's blouse models strike out an entirely new line of action. Jumper styles are in decided evidence, various smart little models deceitfully posing as fastenless slip-ons attracting universal attention, although on closer inspection a hidden entrance is revealed down one shoulder seam or beneath some ingeniously applied trimming. In *crêpe de Chine* or its serious rival, *crêpe* Jap, these jumper schemes are singularly alluring, the easy *negligée* fit falling in amiably with the formless figure decree. Very often the garment will be planned on perfectly straight lines from neck to hem, the fullness merely held to the waist by a loose knotted girdle, and at others regulated by a slot and elastic, so arranged as to produce a decided pouch.

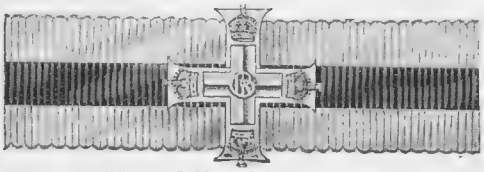
Working up from the *crêpe de Chine* jumper, which in its turn gained inspiration from the knitted silk sweater, *coutourières* are busily employed designing the sweetest, most *imprévu* little basqued blouses, varying the theme by every subtle art in the way of cut and manipulation. There are long, short, and medium length basques, basques carried all the way round, basques stopping short either side, coat-wise, and basques appearing only in front, pleated basques and plain basques; in fact, so long as the blouse is continued visibly below the waist it really seems to be entirely a matter of taste how the material is arranged.

(Continued on page x)

Wilson & Gill 139, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

FASHIONABLE DIAMOND INITIAL AND MINIATURE MILITARY CROSS BRACELETS

No. 521.—Fine Diamond Bracelet with Border of White Enamel on Black Moire or Regimental Colours, any Initial, **£3 10 0**



No. 605.—Solid 18ct. Gold, Palladium Fronted Military Cross Bracelet on Silk Band in Colours, or Black Moire, **£3 5 0**

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THESE BRACELETS ARE FITTED WITH A NEW GOLD CLIP FASTENING ADJUSTABLE TO ANY WRIST

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Estimates and suggestions will be sent to customers upon application.

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Practise Economy—use

Pears' Soap

A beautiful coloured reproduction of "BUBBLES," by Sir John E. Millais, P.R.A., size 28 in. by 19 in., containing no advertisement, sent on receipt of 1/- in stamps or P.O. A & F. Pears, Ltd., New Oxford Street, London, W.C.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

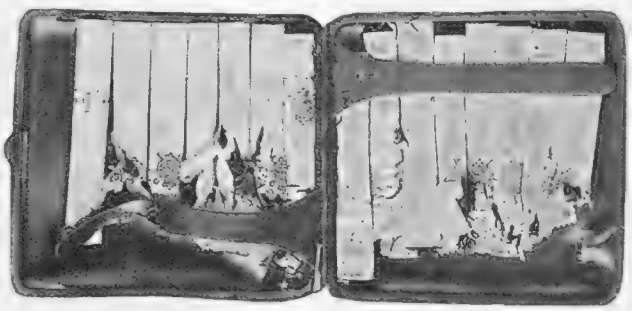
Lovely Colours

There will certainly not be any cause to cavil at the choice in colours this season for the expression of these basqued blouses, only please remember they won't wash well; therefore it will be wise to avail oneself of the fancy while it lasts and secure the darker tones, although great temptation lurks in a range of exquisite greys, lavender, and periwinkle-blue. Watercress-green is among the new *nuances*, a particularly becoming shade, as is also old tapestry-blue and a rather deep damson, all colours that form effective backgrounds to the Rumanian and Russian embroideries so much used for trimming.

White silk jerseyette, stitched with a close scroll design in *soutache* braid matching the colour of the accompanying skirt, is a charming fancy, but one we can hardly recommend as an economy; and equally alluring, though decidedly verging on the side of extravagance, are the dainty transparency blouses of *ninon* and Georgette, distinguished by a plethora of tiny tucks or box-pleats, hand veining and something original in the way of a collar. *The* thing with these fragile confections is to wear them over a *cache*-corset of silver lace.

A Really Useful Cigarette Case!

Our illustration shows a cigarette case, full of De Reszke cigarettes, which proved the means of saving an officer's life. The case was in his breast-pocket when he was struck by a bullet from a Turkish machine-gun in a night attack on the Sun-I-Yat position in Mesopotamia. The bullet was deflected, and passed through the officer's arm instead of through his body. He has since received the M.C. for his gallantry on this occasion; but it seems to us there ought to be some little decoration for the cigarettes!



A CIGARETTE CASE THAT SAVED A LIFE

A "Lusitania" Medal

The Germans, apparently glorying in their disgrace, designed and struck a medal to commemorate the sinking of the *Lusitania* by one of their submarines. A committee has been formed, having offices at 32, Duke Street, Manchester Square, W, for the purpose of reproducing this medal and distributing it in Allied and neutral countries as a sample of what the world might expect if it were ruled by German "Kultur." The medal is now on sale at a shilling at the leading stores and stationers, and all profits derived from the sale of it are devoted to the British Red Cross Society.

A Fine War Record

Among the many firms whose staffs have donned khaki in large numbers, few can show a finer record than J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., the well-known caterers and tea specialists. At the present time upwards of 4,000 members of their staff are serving, and already the honours gained include the D.S.O., M.C., and D.C.M. The firm are also seeing that the wives and families of their men thus serving are provided for.

The above quotation is a Splendid Testimony of the Wonderful results which ensue from the

Constant use of

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

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Lord Byron preserved his fine head of hair by using this Elegant Toilet Requisite, and recommended it to all his acquaintances.

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HOW I CURED MY RHEUMATISM.

SOME GOOD ADVICE BY CORPL. T. S. WILBURN OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver or kidney disorders, and, in fact, most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulation of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities and form the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of common refined *alkia saltrates* in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently clears out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits or sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive, standard compound from any chemist, and I have personally proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—T. S. W.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

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It adds to the **WATERPROOF** qualities of the Webbing, and thus ensures both longer wear and smarter appearance.

It is **CONVENIENT**—a cake in a metal box complete with sponge occupies the minimum of room in the kit, and is a compact, handy, self-contained package.

It is **ECONOMICAL**—needing to be but thinly applied.

It is **EASY TO USE**—saving both time and labour. And it is cheap.

'WEB-Blanco' has War Office approval.

To O.C.'s who have not had 'WEB-BLANCO' brought under their notice we will gladly send a sample and particulars. Please address—

JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Ltd.,
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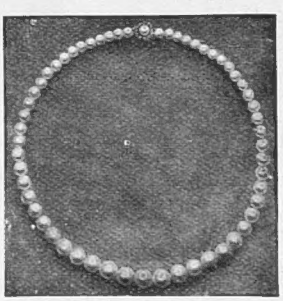
SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of Genuine Oriental Pearls.



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Case Free and Carriage Paid.
Soft, Mellow, Old Pot Still Scotch Whisky
Sample Bottle, post free, **5/3.**

The "Lancet" says:
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Illustrated list of fine toilet articles free on request.

THE MENU

MEAT SUBSTITUTES

IF cheese, haricot beans, and lentils, are suitably cooked they are easily digested and as nourishing as meat, but they should be eaten instead of the meat course and not as a supplement.

SCALLOPED CHEESE
DIGESTIBLE CHEESE PUDDING
ITALIAN CAKE
HARICOT MOULD
LENTIL ROLLS
BUTTER BEAN AND TOMATO PIE

Scalloped Cheese

Make half a pint of white sauce, season with salt and pepper. Cover the bottom of a pie-dish with a little sauce, then a layer of breadcrumbs, the same of grated cheese, and also a layer of cooked rice and about a teaspoonful of finely chopped onion (raw). Repeat this until the dish is full, but the one teaspoonful of raw onion will be sufficient. Cover thickly with breadcrumbs, put over the top some pieces of butter, and bake for half an hour. Sprinkle chopped parsley over, and serve.

Digestible Cheese Pudding

Put half an eggspoonful bi-carbonate of potash to melt in half a pint of milk, shred 6 oz. of cheese very finely, add it to the milk, and melt over the fire in a saucepan, stirring till the cheese is quite dissolved (about three minutes). Beat up three eggs and add to the milk, pour this over 1 oz. of breadcrumbs in a pie-dish, and bake half an hour in a good oven.

Italian Cake

Boil 2 oz. of macaroni twenty minutes, drain well, and cut into small pieces; then pound it with two eggs, 8 oz. of grated cheese, ¼ lb. of butter, and season to taste with salt and pepper; steam in a mould for one hour and a quarter. Turn out and serve with a thick brown gravy.

Haricot Mould

Well grease a mould or pudding-basin, and decorate it with two hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and sprinkle with chopped parsley. Have ready ½ lb. of cooked haricot beans, put them into a pan, and add one cupful of breadcrumbs, half a teaspoonful of mixed herbs, salt and pepper, one cooked onion, and ½ lb. of tomatoes. Mash them well together (if preferred the beans can be rubbed through a sieve), add two well-beaten eggs, put all into the mould, and steam for one hour. Turn out on a hot dish, and serve with either tomato or white sauce.

Lentil Rolls

Well wash ¼ lb. of lentils, soak them overnight, cover with cold water, and cook for an hour, drain them, and mix with 2 oz. of breadcrumbs, 1 oz. of butter or margarine, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a tiny sprinkling of mixed herbs, pepper, salt, and one egg. When cold, form into balls, cover with egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat. Serve with thick brown sauce.

Butter Beans and Tomato Pie

Half a pound of butter beans, one onion, 1 lb. of tomatoes (fresh or tinned), 2 oz. of cooked rice, and 2 oz. of margarine. Soak the beans overnight. The next day cook them with the onion until soft. Grease a pie-dish and place a thin layer of cooked rice at the bottom. Over this place layers of tomatoes (peeled and sliced), and the cooked beans. Add seasoning and small pieces of the butter, and a little more rice, pouring over some stock as gravy. Cover over with a good pastry, and bake one hour in a hot oven.

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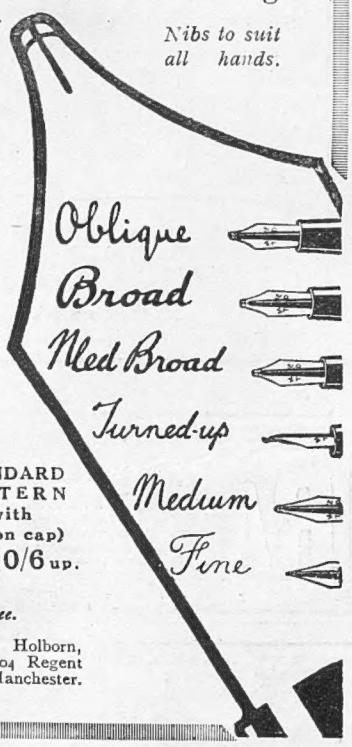

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HOW TO INSTANTLY BEAUTIFY ANY COMPLEXION

By GABY DESLYS, *the well-known French Actress*

I have found a skin beautifier that is not a cream, a powder, a lotion, or a liquid powder, but it combines the effects of all, and with it on your dressing-table you really need nothing else. It makes any complexion soft and beautiful WITH NO WAITING. I do not use liquid powders, for these are bad, and soon clog and stretch the pores so the skin looks course like orange peel; but ordinary refined *santonex* is quite unlike anything else, because it never harms or "shows," and will always remove any blemishes, leaving the skin clear and so *velouté*, or what you call fine texture. Never have I used anything else half so good. *C'est merveilleux*, and any chemist or hairdresser can supply a very good quality, the cost being but little. Another hint: *never* touch the complexion with plain hard water. The lime ruins any skin. Use a pinch of common Reudel Bath Saltrates to soften and fill the water with refreshing oxygen, and always throw a handful into the bath.

Photo ARDEY

Gaby Deslys

IMPORTANT NOTE.—The London house of Virgil, the famous Parisian complexion specialist, announce, that during the next fortnight they will send a large trial pot of santonex (two to three weeks' supply) to any reader sufficiently interested to send 6d. (to help defray postage and distribution expense. The address of the Maison Virgil, which specialises in compounding an extra high quality of refined santonex, is (Dept. 249), 67-8, Bolsover Street, London, W.

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THE DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE in styles of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Louis XIV., and Louis Seize, carved and gilt, also some exquisitely painted and decorated satinwood cabinets, screens, settees, chairs, tables, etc., and a quantity of Venetian mirrors, and inlaid ivory boule and Dutch marquetry furniture, in addition to over 150 Chesterfield settees and lounge easy cairs, all being offered at less than one-third original cost.

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LIMITED
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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ALSO AT LEEDS SCARBOROUGH
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SOLES AND HEELS

¶ Thin rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear. The rubber used is **six times more durable than leather.**

¶ They impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, and prevent slipping. Feet kept dry in wet weather.

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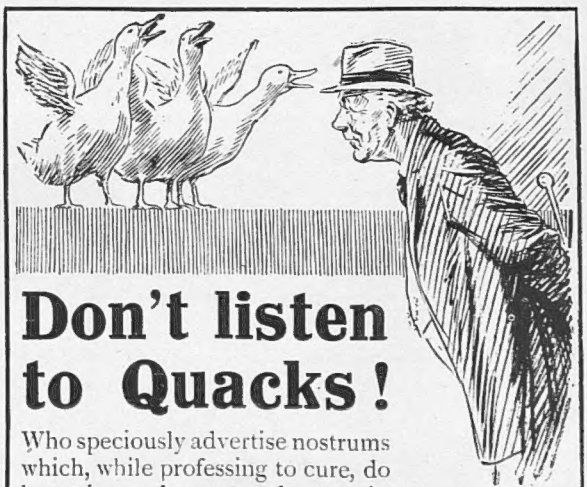

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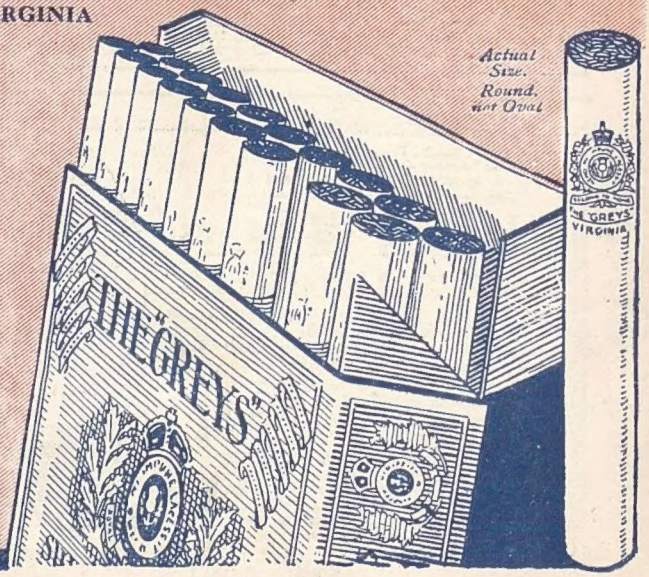

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